



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES



3 3433 07493152 2



NDF
Hr/se

0

1

SIR GUY DE GUY.

MDF
T. 1. 2. 3.

1

2

NDA
HHS

SIR GUY DE GUY.

NDP
-also

**THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY**

**ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS**
R L



Alas for Gravitation's force!
To grief it hurries man and horse.

[Halse, George Frederic, 1876-1867.
T

SIR GUY DE GUY:

A Stirring Romance.

SHOWING

HOW A BRITON DRILLED FOR HIS FATHERLAND;
WON A HEIRESS; GOT A PEDIGREE; AND
CAUGHT THE RHEUMATISM.

BY

RATTLEBRAIN.



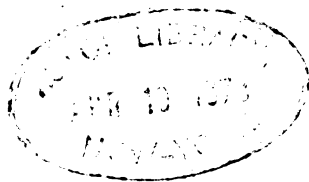
Illustrated by Phiz.

LONDON:
ROUTLEDGE, WARNE, AND ROUTLEDGE,
FARRINGDON STREET;
56, WALKER STREET, NEW YORK.

MDCCCLXIV.

Wit and humor, English

K2A



LONDON
EDMUND EVANS, ENGRAVER AND PRINTER,
RAQUET COURT, FLEET STREET.

NOV 23 1973
JUN 13 1973
JUN 13 1973

Astonishing Contents.

	Page
Y* FIRST SERIOUS FYTTE	I
RELATING Y* CROOKED COURSE OF A TRUE-LOVE.	
Y* SECONDE ALARMYNG FYTTE	53
INCLUDING TWO TERRIFIC HEADERS!	
Y* LAST DESPERATE FYTTE	95
COMPRISING (CUM MULTIS ALIIS) UNHEARD-OF CATAS- TROPES BY EARTH, AIR, FIRE, WATER, AND A TIPPERARY BOY!!	



SIR GUY DE GUY.

H' First Serious Fytte.

'Twas not a hundred years ago,
And not a hundred miles from town,
That Government proposed to show
To near ally or distant foe
What tools we had for fence or blow,
Should War the gage throw down ;
What hearts of steel and fronts of stone,
What sterling stuff in thew and bone,
Would guard the "shop," and keep the till,
And hold our own, come weal or ill,
Let Fortune smile or frown.
Nation of traders though we are,
We hate the ghastly trade of war ;

But, forced to fight, we have the thews
To forge the weapons and to use ;
To stand a bruising or to bruise,
 As witness many a scar;
And many a dinted casque and brand ;
And many a flag from foreign land ;
And many a shattered lance and shield,
Brought home from many a foughten field,
 And bloody fray afar.

Forth went the word, " Let England arm !
 Let English youth their metal show,
If only to confront alarm,
 And face the peril or the blow ! "

The summons rang throughout the land—
 " To arms ! a foe is lurking nigh ! "
The nation answered, sword in hand,
 A mighty army their reply.

Then from the homestead and the hall,
 Then from the desk and from the mart,
The sons of England at the call
 Arose in thousands—one in heart.

And Science in her solemn court,
 And Art within her calm domain,

Responsive yield their stern cohórt,
To swell the legion on the plain.

This is the stuff, and this the will,
That makes a people great and grand !
The England of to-day is still
The England that our fathers manned.

Yea, such the blood and such the breed
That hedged her in the olden time,
To dare and do their country's need,
And spread her power to every clime.

Let despots, girt about in steel,
And soldier-trampled peoples see
What freemen are, when freemen feel
Themselves alone can keep them free !

From Bow and Putney, east and west,
From Cheap and Tyburn, high and low,
The men of gentle breeding pressed
Shoulder to shoulder, breast to breast,
The men to hardy toil addressed,
And mutter as they go—
“ To arms !

Our dear ally to-day, our foe
To-morrow ! Instinct tells us so :

Hereditary hatreds grow,
And never die! To arms!"

And sickly youths, in office-pen,
And counter-prisoned, pallid men,
Flushed suddenly with British nerve,
Their homes to guard, their Queen to serve,
Forth issue, there and then.

The tailor measures well his pace;
The lacquey learns to keep his place;
The grocer proves his weight is light;
And Crispin shows his left and right;
The glover, Kidd, is handy, very;
The stationer is stationary;
The spendthrift makes the metal fly;
The sportsman marks the corporal's eye;
The poulterer thinks it famous game;
The gambler too opines the same;
Gimlet, the joiner's drill is prime,
And Tick, the clockman, true to time.

While under arms that belted band,
Standing or marching, understand
The manual tricks; and learn to veer,
Wheel, scatter, rally far and near,
With eagle eye and faultless ear,
Obedient to command.
Albeit, this host in bristling steel
One secret inspiration feel;

Britons and freemen, true and leal,
With head and heart and hand,
Ready to dare, to do, to die,
To fight, to fall—but ne'er to fly,
One thought the host inspires :—
“ I like it—yes, I like the fun ;
But, would this hated drill were done !
My legs their functions quite refuse ;
My feet, unused to such a cruise,
This endless marching tires !
My love of country who can tell ?
My lungs with deep emotion swell—
But, ah ! my legs do swell as well !
I'll serve my darling native soil,
But under such a sun to broil !
Like this by inches disappearing——”
“ *Double !*” “ Oh, drat this volunteering !”

But 'tis not with the gallant band
Assembled in that brave review,
With aching legs, and arms in hand,
A-drilling for their fatherland,
Our story has to do.
To one alone of all that throng
These stirring pages will belong ;
Of one alone this history treats,
In limnéd page or printed sheets ;
The fortunes, trials, failures, feats,
In picture or in song.

Our hero's mother's name was GUY,
STRAGGLES his father's patronymic ;
So, GUY they called him. Fix your eye
On yonder phalanx sweeping by.

That form obese, which seems to mimic
The mighty Hector's stride at Troy,
Is he! 'Tis Straggles' darling boy!
It is our hero GUY!

Alas! that all things here below
Are doomed to ebb as well as flow!
That strength should feel receding tide,
And courage with the blood subside!

While Straggles is manœuvring there,
His heart, his thoughts are elsewhere.
"My spirit's willing—yet my flesh
Is weak—at least, it isn't fresh ;
Oh, glorious war!—but, would 't were o'er,
And I between the sheets once more!
For, though I love the bloody fray,
I've had enough of this display!
In fact, I'm wasting fast away,
My feet are chafed and sore!
Yet, ah! when next we're under fire
I will unto the rear retire ;
I spy a copse of filbert trees,
I'll storm it, and possession seize ;
The nuts I'll guard, and stand at ease,

And disappear, as purposes
Strategic do require!"

Guy Straggles was, as you will find,
Endowed with an inventive mind.
A being of poetic mould ;
Imagination uncontrolled ;
A heart as light as it was bold,
With tenderness combined.

Besides his mind's poetic twist,
Guy was an entomologist ;
And frequently his choice pursuit he
Endeavoured to combine with duty.
To wit : his cartouche box contains
The necessary ammunition ;
But half the space in it remains
Divided off by a partition.
Cards, corks, and cases nestle there ;
And if our hero finds a rare
And curious denizen of air,
He pins it to a cork with care,
To keep it in condition.

Guy Straggles had a stubborn will,
And always realised his plan.
Resolves once made, he had the skill
To gain his object, will or nil,
For beaten, he disputed still,
As only Britons can.

And so, while wheeling to the right,
To join supposititious fight,
To meet some lurking foe he flies
To where the filbert coppice lies ;
His move strategic then he tries,
And vanishes from sight !



The battle rages on the hill :
Imaginary hordes are slain ;
The clarion rings both long and shrill ;
The troops, recalled, in masses fill
The undulating plain.
The bands strike up ; the pipers trill ;
They march ; they're gone, and all is still ;—

They're off to catch the train.
And all are gone, save Guy, who stops
Perdu, within the filbert copse.

A little science may be good,
And not a dangerous thing.
So Guy opined, while in the wood
Beneath the filbert tree he stood,
Waiting for scientific food—

For moth upon the wing.
Forgetful of the morning's fray,
Of volunteers in stern array ;
Oblivious of the closing day,
Of train the last, now far away ;
And what adventures his delay
Might peradventure bring.

"The sun is still above the hill,"
Quoth Guy. "Another hour or more,
And twilight will the welkin fill
With moth or beetle. Wait I will.
My apparatus I'll prepare :
Something uncommon, something rare,
For me may be in store !

"I'll try my never-failing trick,
And daub upon the elder-tree
My treacle mixture. It shall be
Laid on it nice and thick.

Fatal delight! How like to thee
Full many human pleasures be!
Men are but moths in their degree;
To forfeit freedom, oh, how free!

They come—and taste—and stick!
Yes, men are moths in their degree,
And captured just as easily!

“I’ll now my weary limbs repose
Beneath this bush’s friendly shade,
And see what airy wanderer goes
Into the snare which I have laid.”

The sun is lower in the sky,
And dips behind the western hill.
The golden glory stretches high;
The heavens are steeped in crimson dye,
Which lessens as the moments fly,
And fades to sober grey;—and Guy
Is under the filbert still.

And as he there serenely lay,
Regardless of declining day,
His eye upon the sugared tree
In scientific reverie,
A feeling, kindred to repose,
Steals gently o’er him,—comes and goes,
And most unquestionably grows.
Thoughts of poetic fancy bred
Fall like the dew upon his head.

His eye on space he seems to rivet,
 Withdrawing it from pine and privet;
 More latitude he seems to give it,
 More longitude it takes.
 From heaven to earth it rolls, and then
 To heaven it seems to roll agen;
 And presently, I can't say when,
 This most poetical of men * *
 * * * asterisks * * * surely quakes!
 I can't say what it was, or why,
 But my conviction is, that Guy,
 While he beneath the bush reclined,
 Watching for moths (as he supposed),
 Did grant to his poetic mind
 Furlough unlimited, and—dozed.

But whether Straggles dozed or no,
 'Tis certain that beyond the trees
 Something is moving to and fro,
 Now far and farther seems to go,—
 Comes nearer by degrees.

It catches Straggles' eagle eye,
 Though neither beetle, moth, nor fly.
 "What's yon mysterious object white,
 That seems upon the breeze to float,
 And, like a bird on pinion light,
 A moment here, then, put to flight,
 Is instantly remote?

Great Mars! if I may trust my sight,
 It is a petticoat!"
 ('Tis hardly needful here to minute
 That there's a demoiselle within it.)



"Some Dryad, lovely as the morn,
 Making a nosegay, I'll be sworn!
 Some spirit, beautiful and good,
 Taking a saunter through the wood!
 Some airy nymph or fountain sprite
 Culling a posy red and white!
 How calm, how graceful, how serene!
 Her step how light, how sweet her mien,
 How elegant her crinoline!

Bewitching FORM! be thou of air,
 Or ordinary flesh and blood,—

A denizen of Belgrave Square,
 Or treacherous syren of the flood;

Be thou as false as thou art fair,
Solid, or like the ether rare,
I'll speak to thee! A volunteer
Is quite insensible to fear!"

The lovely vision rests awhile
Upon a terrace to the right;
Descends in most majestic style,
Sweeps by a bed of camomile,
And bursts on Straggles' sight.
Advances Guy . . . a bow . . . a smile . . .
The nymph, suspecting snare or guile,
Starts backward with affright.
"Goddess! or nymph of mortal mould—
Lady, or sprite of wood and wold,
Pardon a Putney volunteer,
Whom Fortune hath directed here!
I've fought on yonder plain to-day,
And mingled in the dreadful fray;
Our serried columns soon were thinned,
And men, like moths, were caught and pinned;
My gallant comrades all are slain,
And, lady, I alone remain—
Except a few, returned to town,
Whence they at early morn came down
By the excursion train."

The lady bowed a slight salute,
Just lisped, "Indeed, sir!" and was mute.

"Fairest of womankind! oh, deign
To list" (and Straggles bowed amain)
"To one who, at his country's call,
Gives time, affections, money—all!
Who'd shed the blood in every vein
In *thy* defence!" (He bowed again.)
"Daughter of Eve," (another bow,)
"Will you a volunteer allow
To offer you, as I do now,
The arm which in the bloody fray
Hath fought in your behalf to-day?"

Subtle appeal! how well designed
To disconcert the female mind,
Disarm rebuke, and soften down
The rising rigour of a frown!

'Tis known that ladies love to see
A soldier harnessed *cap-à-pie*;
And next to that, they'll hover near
A well-accoutred volunteer.

The chances were as ten to one
The gentle demoiselle had fled,
Leaving our Guy discomfited,
Dejected and alone.
She might have sunk upon the ground,
Of terror prematurely dead;

She might have woke the echoes round,
Screaming "*Police!*" or "*Pa!*" instead.
But Fortune favours still the brave,—
The nymph did neither faint nor rave;
One little smile, one sigh, she gave,

Then softly dropped her head.
She was a woman, not a sprite,
And Guy was dressed in colours bright—
A hero of the morning's fight,—

'Twere cruel to have fled.
Thought she, "He might, perchance, relate
The dreadful fray,—I think I'll wait.
His arm he offers!—well, 'tis sure
With one's defender one's secure!
A guardian of my native land—
A member of a chosen band—
I must be civil, 'tis but right;
Besides, 'twould be a great delight
To learn from him how fared the fight,
With Ranelagh in command."

Two paces forward Guy advanced—
The demoiselle did not retreat;
Guy stands awhile like one entranced;
The maiden also keeps her feet.
Guy puts his dexter elbow out,
And slips her tiny hand within.
She hesitates, like one in doubt
If indiscretion 'tis, or sin;

But then she glances at his coat,
His floating plume, his knickerbock ;
Her doubts are instantly remote :
He's safe and trusty as a rock !



Guy was, as you already know,
A thorough hero, heart and mind,
Intensely brave (you'll grant him so),
Immensely strong (as you will find).
And being strong, and being brave,
'Twere strange if he had failed to please ;
So, 'twill a prosy story save,
If I all minor matters waive,
And say at once, he's Cupid's slave,—
He falls upon his knees!
He tells of 'scapes by flood and field,
And how the insolent foe did yield ;
Of deadly breach and loaded mines,
To which she seriously inclines ;

Of horrid cannibal and Giour,
 Which she did greedily devour ;
 Of rocks and hills that reach the skies,
 Which drew from her a world of sighs ;
 Of antres vast, and grisly bears,
 Which did beguile her of her tears ;
 And when from bondage he was freed,
 She said 'twas pitiful indeed.
 He thus improved a pliant hour,
 Her tears descending in a shower ;
 And thus his round, unvarnished tale
 Like magic won her. Could it fail ? *

And while our hero pleads his case,
 And makes his way by slow degrees,
 Blushes suffuse the maiden's face,
 A deadly pallor takes their place,
 Her pity brightens every grace—
 Guy's still upon his knees.

Some loves are of a rapid growth,
 While others do mature with sloth ;

* There are portions of this passage which are truly Shakesperian in power and pathos.—ED.†

† "Shakesperian!"—rather! seeing that it is an impudent crib from the Bard of Avon himself!—SUB-ED.‡

‡ ED. and SUB-ED. are altogether mistaken. I believe it to be a plagiarism from Martin Tupper.—COMPOSITOR.§

§ No it isn't! It's taken from Charles Kean; I heard it with my own ears, when I last had sixpen'orth at the theayter.—PRINTER'S DEVIL.

The strongest trees are slow to grow ;
With Love it is not always so.
Like monster plants in tropic ground,
'Twill grow like magic, and be found
Stoutly defying Time's decay
When stronger shoots have given way.
Guy's love is of the tropic kind,
To swift development inclined ;
It grows by inches, then by ells ;
His heart beneath his waistcoat swells
With feelings stirred by syren spells,
(That is to say, the demoiselle's,)
And beauty well defined.

I cannot say the maiden felt
Responsive kindness towards the swain ;
But this I'm sure of, when he knelt,
She did not bid him rise again.

She did not frown, she did not fly ;
She did not scorn the amorous fellow ;
But pitied him with humid eye,
As Desdemona did Othello.

A flower her heaving bosom graced,
A peony or dandelion ;
And Guy, while he his battles traced,
That glowing flowret kept his eye on.

She felt he coveted the prize,
And didn't feel the least offended ;
But culled one of a larger size,
Which over Straggles' shako bended.

" Accept this sunflower, worthy sir ;
Best of the bunch from which I cull it ;
I hope when battles next occur,
You'll 'scape both baggonet and bullet !

" 'Tis strange, indeed, oh, passing strange,
But I should grieve if you were wounded !
Oh, keep beyond the rifle's range,
Nor be with common clay compounded !"

Upon that hint our hero spake,
And seized the hand whence he did take
The proffer'd flower. I needn't say
The hand was gently drawn away,
And thrice retaken,—thrice again
Withdrawn,—then suffered to remain.

He held the hand that held the flower,
And poetized for half an hour ;
Drew parallels 'twixt that and this,
And would to heaven that both were his !

Flowers ! how fertile was the theme
In Straggles' hands ! They promenade,

And forth his flowery accents stream
In trope and metaphor supreme,
And apt quotations by the ream,
And verses by the yard!

Our hero from his teeming brain
Delivers this impassioned strain:—
“Fairest of fairest womankind,
Forgive my too inquiring mind!
The meanest moth or smallest weed
That decks the bank or skims the mead
A title has. O form divine,
Excuse the question: what is thine?
Tell me, that when in prose or verse
My nightly ode I do rehearse
To silver moon or twinkling star,
I may inform them who you are,
And gratify my ardent flame
By whispering to the sky your name!
Say, is it Hebe, Sylvia, Di
(For Dian), Cynthia, Stella? Why
This pause? I’ve freely told you mine.
Speak! maid or naiad—what is thine?”

The naiad could not long refrain,
And answered, “Arabella Jane.”
“And your papa?” “Sir Hildebrand,
The lord of the surrounding land.

Amid the trees may be descried
The Moated Grange, where we reside.
Hark, hark! I hear the dinner-bell
Upon the quiet welkin swell;
I must away!" She turned to fly,
But intercepted was by Guy.

"Fair daughter of Sir Hildebrand,
Withdraw you thus your gentle hand?
Say, is it thus thou would'st repay
My valour in the field to-day?
Lady, for thee I've drawn the sword,
And struggled in the tented field!
Shall Beauty now deny reward
To Valour? Never! Thou must yield!"
Ere Arabel could speak or shriek,
A kiss was planted on her cheek.

A very daring thing to do,
And nought could justify the act.
I only hope the deed he'll rue,
And never such a thing renew!
At first I doubted—so do you,
Dear reader; but, alas! 'tis true;
I chronicle a fact.

Could Guy suppose that Arabel,
Sole daughter of Sir Hildebrand,

Would such impetuous wooing stand,
 And not with anger swell?
 Her hand descends upon his ear:
 Off flies his cap, and—bang! oh dear,
 She scalps him clean! for disappear
 His hat and hair as well!




"Down, down, sir, on your bended knees!
 My pardon ask! How dare you seize
 My favours by such means as these?
 I will my father tell!"

As cause is followed by effect,
 What consequence should you expect,
 When mortal hand assaults the ear
 Of any British Volunteer?

Guy Straggles would have whipped, no doubt,
His regulation bayonet out,
And thrust the weapon through and through
The man who dared this thing to do.
But how, with indignation big,
Could he on her avenge his wig?
The blow from Arabella's hand,
Of course, his tender passion fanned,
And made it flame anew.
His genuflexions he repeats,
And pardon for his sin entreats.
In vain. With this rebuff he meets:—
“'Tis vain for you to sue!
Face right about, and march away!
And never let me see you mo!
Yonder your quarters! Hence! The day
Declines, and I decline to stay.”
“One moment, Arabel, delay!”
He gasped; she answered, “No!”

And she is fled. Our hero gazed
Confused, contused, amazed and dazed.
Shall he pursue? That parting glance
Has left him in mesmeric trance.
Shall he entreat her? Not a sound
Can pass his lips, in wonder bound;
And, ere he finds his senses right,
The demoiselle is lost to sight.



And here our history fails us quite,
For darkness gathers round.

* * * *

But when again the jocund morn
With rosy glories lit the east,
Guy wandered still, alone, forlorn,
Where his delights began and ceased.

The twittering warblers of the wood
The welcome orb of day salute ;
Their avocations they pursued,
And Guy alone is idle, mute.



His whiskers limp the zephyrs blow ;
His loosened curls the breezes woo ;
The feather in his gay shako
Droops sadly :—it is charged with dew.

His eyes are fixed upon the ground ;
He cannot here or there remain :
Takes twenty paces, then turns round,
And counts his paces back again.

But Guy, as we've already proved,
Possessed a rare, inventive mind ;
And, since he so intensely loved,
Hath he that faculty resigned ?

Of course not. He exclaims, " Since she
May never more delight mine eyes,
I'll carve her name on all the trees,
In letters of enormous size !"

No sooner is it said than done ;
And rapidly the bark is shaved.
He cuts the letters one by one,
Till "*Arabella*" is engraved.

" Stay," quoth our Guy, " I won't repeat
This style for aye, 'tis rather spooney ;
I'll render sweets unto the sweet,
And paste her name about in honey !

" Should she this stratagem espy,
She'll pardon me the wrong I acted ;
Besides, some moth or butterfly
May by the sugar be attracted !

"Lady! I've often laid this snare
On apple or on elder tree,
To catch the denizens of air;
But now I lay the trap for thee!"

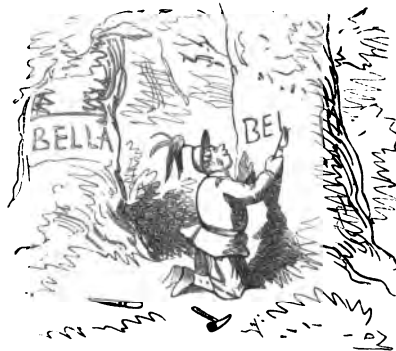
That done, our hero went his way,
And built his castles in the air;
Saw visionary Beauty stray,
Adorned with wreaths and garlands gay,
Seeking the lover where he lay,
So blithe and debonair.

"It may attract a maid or moth,"
Quoth Guy, "or haply capture both!
My science is not all confined
To moths. I've studied womankind;
And learnt this fact, with many another,
One's just as easy snared as t'other!"

Presumptuous Science! Thou canst range
The mystic fields of Nature's laws;
Thou may'st investigate the strange
Connection of effect and cause;
Thou may'st the heavens explore and scan;
Thou may'st the vivid lightning bind;
Thou may'st expound the thing called "man,"
But canst not probe the female mind!

Easier to reach what lies beyond
 Yon fathomless abyss of space ;
 Easier to stay in iron bond
 The clouds that one another chase ;
 Easier to stem the rolling tide,
 Or the impetuous lightning bind ;
 Easier the gusty wind to guide,
 Than penetrate the female mind !

At least, so *we* opine. But Guy,
 Possessed of more philosophy,
 Thought other. So the trap was laid,
 To capture either moth or maid.



Doubtless, our heroine, Arabel,
 Was given to studies scientific,
 Like Guy, and did possess, as well,
 A mind inquiring and prolific ;

And when a knotty problem seized her,
She found that solitude was good
For thought; and thus it was it pleased her
To solve the problem in the wood.

At least, I may conclude 't was so,
For certainly an inspiration
Did prompt her very soon to go
And view the scene of her flirtation.

And there, within the clump of trees,
Unseen by her, our hero sees
The daughter of Sir Hildebrand
Approach, a parasol in hand.
She pauses at the spot; a sigh
Escapes, she cannot pass it by!
She raised her eyes, and lo! she sees
Her name adorning all the trees!
And felt uncommonly surprised
To find herself thus advertised—
Her name on every trunk incised,
Or smeared in honey lees.

“It cannot be,” reflected she,
“That he, the Putney Volunteer,
Who yesternight offended me,
Should dare to play these antics here!
What right has he on every tree,

My sacred name to this degree
In sticky stuff to smear?"

Just then she spied, among the heather,
A head, a shako, and a feather.

"The wretch!" she cried; "the Volunteer
Waylays me here again to-day!
I'll scream! I'll fly!—I'll stay and hear
What 'tis the monster has to say!

"He's poaching, p'raps. I'll tell papa,
And have him up before the mayor!
He kneels, I see, though still afar;
No doubt he proffers me a prayer.

"His hand he raises to his cap,
And smites the left side of his jacket.
If he applies so hard a rap,
And has a heart, I fear he'll crack it.

"Come forward, Sir! What is't you plead?
Have you a licence here to wander?"
"None, Lady; I no licence need:
A prisoner's always free to ponder."

"A prisoner? Ah! I thought you free."
"No, Lady, I'm a helpless slave."

"I thought you valiant, Sir." "Woe's me!
Love ever triumphs o'er the brave!"

"Nay, do not kneel upon the grass,
'Tis damp: there is a heavy dew;
You'll catch a cold." "Ah me, alas!
I wish I may, and die for you!"

"But wherefore wish to die so young?
Why wander in this dismal fashion?"
"You ask? Your heart was never wrung
Like mine, by a devouring passion!"

"But what a dread alternative
Is death! Is there no other cure?"
"Yes, one alone, and I could live!"
"And that?" "The love of something pure!"

"Surely of such there must be plenty:
Go seek." "I have." "And found?" "Oh, yes!
A beauteous nymph, approaching twenty,
And spotless as her muslin dress!"

"Does she your earnest love decline?"
"I've scarce avowed it!" "Why not tell her?"
"I dare n't! I dare n't! She's too divine!"
"Indeed! Her name?" "Is Arabella."

"Then why not write? A tender heart
Would not a worthy love be scorning."
"I've done it, till my fingers smart:
I have been writing all the morning!"

"And is the impassioned letter posted?
"If so, your mind should be at ease."
"'Tis done. At early morn I most did,
And posted it on all the trees!"

"What means the thing I see around?
My name is scored on trunk and bough!"
"Lady! though timber's tough, I found
'Twas easier impressed than thou!"

"But wherefore mutilate a tree?
It cannot be erased again."
"That, ages hence, the world may see
How Guy loved Arabella Jane!

"Lady, behold yon mighty oak;
'Twere easier far its roots to move,
And fell it with a finger stroke,
Than to deracinate my love!

"Believe me, Arabella Jane,
I've wracking cramps in every bone;
But here it is I feel a pain
Which thou canst cure, and thou alone!

"'Tis thus, fair syren, ever thus
Man's fate at woman's mercy lies :
She with a glance transfixes us,
As entomologists pin flies !

" Science had claimed me for her own :
I looked on love as idle folly ;
But now, since I the pang have known,
I'm claimed entire by melancholy !

" Speak ! Death no terror hath for me ;
Its shafts in every battle meet us.
Pronounce my doom, and you shall see
How soon I'll give my own quietus !"

'Twas very much as we have stated,
That Guy his passion ventilated ;
And kept up such a fierce attack,
As seemed the demoiselle to rack ;
While every shot appeared to tell
Upon the yielding Arabel :
His batteries were served so well,
And her defence so slack.
And like a skilful son of Mars,
He follows his advantage up ;
And vows by sun, and moon, and stars,
He'll drain the deadly poison-cup,
Or on his bayonet bright be skewer'd,
Like Marcus Brutus on his sword ;

The same result might be secured,
He hints, with half a yard of cord.

"I'll have a home beyond the hill;
I'll keep a cow, and hens, and swine;
I'll cut the Volunteering drill,
And regularly study thine.

"Yes, yes, fair Lady, I'll obey
Your dear domestic drill diurnal;
Bella! Bellona! be for aye
Of my devoted corps the Colonel!"

'Twas thus our hero Straggles raved;
And how the demoiselle behaved
Under so desperate a fire,
'Tis natural that you inquire.
Some maidens would, with haughty frown,
Have checked the foe, and beat him down,—
Levelled their double-barrelled glances,
And shot him dead as nails, the chance is.

But gentle Arabella Jane
Was not composed of common clay,
But, as our pages will display,
A heroine, *première qualité*,
And warranted not plain.
Therefore, when Guy's appeal was done,
How did she answer his demand?

Her natural reply was—none
Articulate ; but there was one
By lovers understood alone,—

She gently pressed his hand.

Could eloquence itself have told
So well the answer that she gave ?
At length she falters, “Do not crave
My pity, like an abject slave !
The man is worthy who is brave—

Is noble who is bold !

Valour commands respect, and I
Respect it !” (Bella gave a sigh.)
“But could you love it ?” asked our Guy,

His feelings scarce controlled.

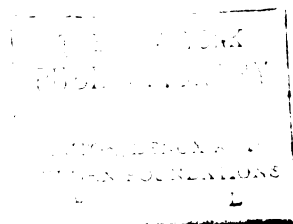
“Speak, Arabel !” And she replied,
“I think I could, Sir, if I tried !”

Then Guy to his impassioned lips
Applied her rosy finger-tips ;
And Arabel, I’m bound to say,
Forgot to draw her hand away.

“Fairest of women !” Straggles cried,
“My anchor and my polar star !
Say, will you be a patriot’s bride—
His councillor, companion, guide ?
Speak, Arabel !” The nymph replied,
“You first must ask Papa !”



GUY'S DISORDER BREAKS OUT.




Thus having said, to Guy's dismay,
She turned, and gaily tripped away.

"Ask Pa!" quoth Guy, as she retreated,
"Must I then formally demand
At once of Father Hildebrand
The beauteous Arabella's hand?"

Then I shall be defeated!
Am I to go and argufy
With this aristocrat? Not I.
I'm done, as sure as I'm a Guy,
And infamously treated!
Yet wait. About a mile from here
Lives Dorothy, my aunty dear;
I'll call, and pour into her ear
My love, and hope, and sorrow,
She's mighty skilful at a match:
Doubtless she will contrive to patch
This business up,—and we may catch
Old Hildebrand to-morrow."

No sooner is a thing conceived
By Guy, than it is half achieved.
At once into that hallowed grove
He drags his aunt, and tells his love.

Dora was of a certain age,
Not less than f—ty, I'll engage.



But she possessed the airs and mien
And sentiment of sweet eighteen.
Then need I state how she imbibed
The love-adventure Guy described?
How her young heart went pit-a-pat
As Guy related this and that?
And how her eyes were dimmed with tears
At Love's vicissitudes; and how
Having been loved in former years,
And blighted, she recalled it now?

Guy Straggles told her all. And so
They promenaded to and fro.
Just then it chanced that Arabel
Stole back again into the grove;
She had some little thing to tell,
No doubt, some final, last farewell—
To give some curl, or other spell,
Her sympathy to prove.

Reader, you probably possess
Imagination, and can guess
The shock—the pang—the awful mess,
When, gushing full of love,
Bella returns in quest of Guy,
And Dora's figure meets her eye!

“What apparition do I see?
A damsel on his arm reposes!



FINE FRENZY OF HEROINE.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

R

L

Soft words he seems to breathe, while she
 Responds to him quite tenderly!
 He holds her hand, and—ah! woe's me!—

He gathers her some roses!
 Wretch! can I ever pardon this!
 See, see! he gives the minx a kiss!
 Was ever perfidy like his?

He gathers other posies!
 The monster! Oh, I'll tear his hair!
 I can't! Ha! ha! His head is bare!

"Perhaps the wretch has got a wife!
 Then I'm a blighted maid for life!
 What shall I do? Shall I betray

My wrath, and lose my self-restraint?
 Shall I allow the man to say
 He won my favours yesterday,
 And left me broken-hearted? Nay,
 I'll go and mourn in secret! Stay;
 I think—I think—I'll faint!"



Arranging, then, her dress in order,
She swooned upon a crocus border.

By merest chance, the maiden's sire—
Sir Hildebrand, a gallant knight—
Walked forth, the breezes to respire,
And stimulate his appetite.
He passed the lake, the park, the mead,
And took the winding paths that lead
Through woody copse and tangled weed,
And wandered as he might.
At length, in the sequestered shade,
He came upon the prostrate maid.

“My cheild! my first-born and my last!
Sole daughter of Sir Hildebrand!
A corpse!—dead—dead! Some lightning-blast
Has slain the heiress of the land!
My cheild! last scion of my race!
As dead as——ah! methinks I trace
A tinge of colour in her face—
There's warmth in her fair hand!
Speak, daughter mine! if dead you are,
Oh, say so!” “Is it you, Papa?
Drive hence the villain, far and far!
Don't list to his demand.
His hair is false,—and so is he!
He has a wife—pr'aps two or three!
Unhook my dress, and set me free,
And let my stays expand!”

"What means this jargon, Arabel?
What is the tale you have to tell?"
"'Tis nothing, dear papa,—the heat
Oppressed me, and before the seat
I could regain, I swooned away."
"But what is this I heard you say,
Of some false man?" "'Twas but a dream;
Some book I've read supplied the theme:
'Twas idle nonsense, nothing more.
I'm better now." The sire forbore
To question further, and suggested
A gentle walk when they had rested.

Ere they had counted twenty paces,
Our Guy his amorous steps retraces.
The hints his able aunt had given
Had raised him to the seventh heaven;
For, thanks to Dorothy's suggestion,
He's ready now to pop the question.
He flies on light, aerial toes,
As yon veracious picture shows,



And hies him to the trysting-tree,
Hoping his Arabel to see.
And so he does ; but—murder, thunder !—
Imagine Straggles' rage and wonder,
When he beholds his Arabel
Walking with some tremendous swell !
(For, with his pads and laces on,
Sir H. looked like a Bond Street don ;
And, when inspected from the rear,
He looked a youth of twenty year.)
"The minx" ('twas thus his feelings ran)
"Has got another gay young man !
Some whipper-snapper come from town—
A hatter, I would gage a crown !
Jilt *me* for such a chap as *that*—
In such a coat and such a hat !
Does he suppose Sir Hildebrand
Would such a low connection stand ?
And as for her ! what words can tell
The bitter scorn with which I swell !
Frailty, thy name is Arabel !
Her vows are writ in sand !"

The tender passion of our 'hero
Fell from the fever point to zero
Instantly ; and our heroine's mind
Must similarly be defined.
"Those men ! they ever treat us thus !"
"Those women thus make fools of us !"



DELIRIUM OF HERO.

THE
PREFACE

THE
PREFACE

"I'll never more believe in men!"
"I'll never trust the girls agen!"
Shall I take vengeance on the hatter,"
Adds Guy, "or on false Arabel?"
I should exult that hat to batter,
But he might batter me as well!
I think I'll spare the paltry swell,
And be avenged on Arabel!"
"Shall I my anger wreak on Guy,"
Quoth Arabel, "or scratch *her* face?"
'Twere sweet to make a rival fly;
But p'raps she wouldn't quit the place.
I think I'll go and poison take,
Or drown my sorrows in the lake!"

How wise the dictum, and how true,
The course of true love runs askew!—
That any trifle, light as air,
Is confirmation strong as iron,
To any loving little pair
Whom little jealousies environ!

Guy's cogitations took the shapes
Of master fox anent the grapes:—
"Perhaps 'tis more a gain than loss;
'Tis clear her temper's very flighty.
She's rather plain; expression cross,
And manners very highty-tity.

She's been so petted all her life,
That she is full of whims and fancies;
She'd make a most expensive wife,
And run me into debt, the chance is.
She's fled; and so, a long farewell!
Farewell for ever and for aye!
I loved thee once, false Arabel,
And thus I whiff my love away....
'Tis gone! Her name on every tree
I scored. I'll scrape away the traces;
Then quit the scene. No doubt there be
Far fairer maids in other places."

Thus Straggles' meditations ran
As he regains the trysting-tree.
The maiden forms the self-same plan,
And meditates the same as he:—
"Ere I for aye this coppice flee,
I think that I should like to see
The chesnut-tree where jilted me
That false and fickle man."

The consequence of course you'll guess,
So it is needless to digress.

Straggles advances from the east,
And Arabella from the west,
Each unperceived of each,—at least,
I can't the contrary attest.

They both approach the trysting-tree,
With melancholy step and slow ;
And find each other *vis-à-vis*,
And turn instanter *dos-à-dos*.

They both a dozen steps retreat,
A moment pause by intuition,
Then back their dozen steps repeat,
And so regain the first position.

"I will not be the first to speak,"
Thinks Arabel, "since he's the offender."
Says Guy, "'Tis not for me to break
The silence, or excuses render."

A pause,—a cough. No word is said ;
They stand like sentinels on duty :
On this side, Valour undismayed,
On that side, unrelenting Beauty.

Guy, for diversion, dropped his cap
By accident near Arabel ;
And, strange to say, a like mishap
The haughty maiden's hat befel.

Another pause—a second cough,
This little comedy succeeded.
He views her, now her hat is off ;
The thing identical that she did.

“By Jove!” thought Guy, as he did scan
 The nymph—“By Jove, she’s passing fair!”
 “There’s nothing false in this young man,”
 Thought Arabel, “except his hair!”



“If he would only pardon ask,
 I could forgive him his offences.”
 “To make atonement, her’s the task,”
 Thought Guy; “she’s coming to her senses.”

Third pause, and last. Guy stoops to reach
 Fair Arabella’s pork-pie hat;
 She raises his, and each to each
 Politely renders this and that.

"Kind Sir, I thank you." "Beauteous maid,
I'm much obliged. I thought to see
Your face no more; and I'm afraid
Fate even now is mocking me!

"I loved a maid of high degree,
As never maid was loved before;
For other swains she jilted me,
And I can never woo her more!"

"I think, Sir, 'tis for *me* to rate
At fortune, and my lot deplore;
By one neglected, who so late
Vowed to be faithful evermore!"

"If I my feelings may express,"
Said Guy, "the man's a heartless knave!"
"The girl is bad, and nothing less,"
Said Bella, "who could so behave!"

"Then you convict yourself!" cried Guy.
"You're self-condemned!" cried Arabel.
"Pray, who's the girl I did descry?"
"Pray, who was that tremendous swell?—

"The lofty party in the hat,
With whom I spied you from afar?
Pray tell me, if you dare!" "Why, that
Was nobody but dear Papa!

"But say, Sir, who's the demoiselle
In crimson hose? Confess. You can't!"
"Do you insist that I should tell
The truth?" "I do." "It was my aunt!"

* * * *

The grave historian hesitates
To say what incident succeeded.
He leaves it to the limner's plates,
Convinced that nothing more is needed.



End of p^r First Lyttr.

De Seconde Alarmyng Fytte.



E enter on another stage
Of Guy's career, and turn the
page.

When first our hero was re-
vealed

To view, 'twas in the tented
field.

He was with other patriots
playing

The game of being slain and
slaying.

His prowess next on butter-
flies

Our scientific hero tries.

We next discover him pur-
suing

A quarry better worth the
wooing.

Captor of moths, himself is caught ;

Disastrous fact ! he little thought

With what dire consequence were fraught

His billing and his cooing !

We can aver that, if his mind
To butterflies had been confined,
The chances are, our Guy's career
Had never been recorded here.

Of course, the thing for Guy to do,
He knew, though but a mere beginner
In love, was not alone to woo
The Lady Arabel, but win her.

She could, of course, at once bestow
Her hand, and so the thing were ended ;
But her Papa, if she did so,
Would be most dreadfully offended.
So 'twas arranged that Guy should call
Without delay at Griffin Hall,
And proudly tell the baron tall
What they to do intended.

Guy Straggles reached the castle wall,
And stood before the massy gate ;
Then let the ponderous knocker fall
Fiercely, as if defying Fate.

An ancient servitor at hand
The portal presently unbarr'd,
And opened. "Is Sir Hildebrand
At home?" asked Guy. "Present my card."



GUY POSES AND PROPOSES.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
1900

The ancient servitor advanced,
And showed the way, and walked before ;
While in his wake our hero danced,
Until they reached the parlour door.

When "Mister Straggles" was announced,
Sir Hildy his Debrett was scanning ;
Sir Hildy's Lady, much beflooned,
By aid of Burke a match was planning.

For Bella is her parents' pride,
And they have formed the fond design
To make her a patrician's bride,
If they can find one with 'a line.'

Guy enters. "Baron, I am not
A great adept at speechifying.
I'll come to business on the spot ;
For I am plain—there's no denying.

"I've woo'd the Lady Arabel,
I've woo'd and won your peerless daughter ;
And we intend, if all is well,
To wed. My income will support her.

"Within the wood's sequestered shade,
We met ; we loved ; we plighted troth ;

And now I claim the noble maid,
And ask your blessing on us both!

"'Tis brief; but why palaver more?
My means are small, but they'll increase;
I hope to ——" "Zounds, Sir! there's the door—
Begone! I'll send for the police!

"Be off! How dare you talk to me,
The scion of a noble line?—
To *me*, Sir, with a pedigree,—
Whose ancestors in history shine!

"Away!" Then rose the baron tall,
And showed our gallant Guy the door;
And Bella, who had heard it all,
Fell swooning on the parlour floor.

Sir Hildebrand, to calm his mind,
Into his library retires,
The solemn walls of which are lined
With portraits of Sir H.'s sires.
His Tree of Genealogy,
Showing his noble pedigree
From gallant knights of high degree,
And ladies fair, as well as free,
His soul with fervour fires.
He sinks into his easy chair,
And has astounding visions there,

Of valiant lords and ladies fine,
Of sober nun and grave divine,
That made up his ancestral line—
As far as we're aware.

But, could the painted abbot speak,
And could the pensive nun confess,
A blush might cross that pale, pale cheek,
A laugh light up that eye so meek,—
For flesh at very best is weak,
And evil, more or less.
And could Sir Geoffrey speak, who fought
(’Twas said) at bloody Agincourt ;
And could the solemn Redcross Knight,
Who fell (’twas said) in holy fight,
His history describe aright,
And tell his secret thought—
“ ’Tis all a sham ! ” perhaps ’twould be ;
“ Our tree is a fictitious tree,
And all romance this pedigree.
Base-born Sir Hildy is,—and we
In Wardour Street were bought ! ”

But speaking portraits do not speak,
Nor blushes cross a tinted cheek.
The pictured frail one lives a saint,
And unrecorded is the taint
That deeper lies than painter's paint,
In many a sorry streak.

Straggles his new strategic move
Accomplished, which you must approve ;
For, being shown the outer gate
With rather more dispatch than state,
His strategy was Hobson's choice :
The act was his, but not the voice.
And further, I need hardly state
That Guy was terribly irate :—
“ Shall I, a Putney Volunteer,
Submit to be insulted here ?
Shall I submit to be trepanned ?
Shall I surrender Bella's hand ?
Shall I, the boldest of my band—
Shall I succumb to fear ?
By Erebus ! this Hildebrand
Shall scarcely my revenge withstand !
I'll do—I'll do—some desperate deed—
(That is, supposing I succeed),
And make him bow his haughty crest—
(That is, if I should prove the best),
And put his courage to the test—
(If nothing should impede) !

“ Yes, yes ! Sir H. shall bend to me
If I do live ! and he shall see
That, though the lord of Griffin Hall,
He can't a Straggles' honour gall
I've pondered on a little plan
Will bring to sense this haughty man ;

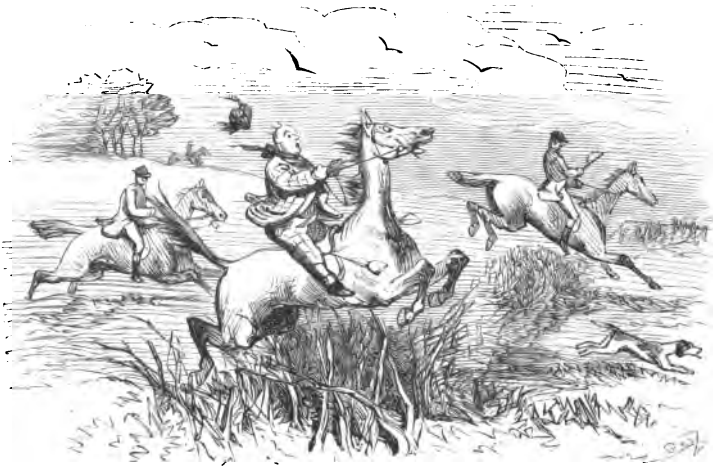
And if I can but make it plain
To dearest Arabella Jane,
As it is clear and plain to me,
The thing is simply A, B, C.
But, ere I put the thing in force,
I must at once procure—a horse !
'Tis difficult ; but even there
I see no reason to despair,
For dear Aunt Dorothy's grey mare
I can obtain, of course.
I've heard my honoured aunty say
The beast, though doomed to drag a shay,
Rode saddle once. I don't see why
Saddle again we should n't try.
—It may suit *her* ; but how shall I
Succeed ? For many a day
I've longed astride a horse to ride,
My talents to display ;
And though the feat I never tried,—
And though I ne'er essayed to guide
A horse, I'll amble far and wide—
I'll ride the mare to-day !”

Aunt Dora was attached to Guy,
And soon consented, adding, “ I
Am fearful lest the female grey
In saddle may perchance display
Some tricks ;—she's quiet in the shay ;
But take her, child, and try.”

Guy mounted Dorothy's grey mare,
And gently ambled to and fro,
That he his charger might prepare
For what she had to undergo.

He ventured up and down the lane ;
He tried a canter, then a trot ;
And then he walked her back again,
Proud of the courser he had got.

Again he ventured on a canter,
A very cautious one, and slow ;
When, hark ! a shout, and then, instanter,
A stirring "*Tally-Tally-Ho !*"



A pack of hounds dash past, full cry ;
The huntsmen forge through bush and brake,
And Guy's grey mare, as they sweep by,
Bursts after, following in the wake.

In youth a hunter she had been,
For courage and for blood renowned ;
She's off!—the bit her teeth between—
And so is Guy, and on the ground.

“I don't the least intend to swear,”
Thought Guy; “but may the deuce confound
Hunters and huntsmen, everywhere,
And every scurvy fox and hound !

“I know I could have kept my seat,
Except for that outrageous horn ;
Though riding horseback is a feat
I never tried since I was born.

“Why don't they teach the fox and hounds
To keep the road like other cattle ?
And why make those unearthly sounds,
More awful than the din of battle ?

“The only wonder is, the mare
So frightened ran into the fray ;
I should have thought that she would bear
Her rider quite the other way.

“ Poor beast ! how should she understand
These madmen’s tricks ? She thought, as I did,
The end of all things was at hand,
And bolted, as her frenzy guided.

“ I think I needn’t try again
My horsemanship. I’m satisfied
That if I hold the horse’s mane
And saddle firmly, I can ride.

“ When I have caught the ancient mare,
I won’t again her back bestride ;
Homeward afoot I will repair,
And fearlessly my courser guide.

“ But how and when shall I inform
My love that I have got a horse ?
If I her window knew, I’d storm
The castle, and levant, of course.

“ But how arrange with her my plan ?
Ah, there’s the rub !—yet, wait ; I’ve read
In history of some gentleman,
A mister Blondell, who, ’twas said,

“ King Richard saved from dungeon chains
By playing on a light guitar,
And singing some familiar strains,
Perambulating near and far.

"I'll try the trick! For I can play
The fiddle, bagpipe, and the drum;
Unceasingly I'll grind away,
Until some loving token come.

"Around the castle all day long
I'll melody discourse, until,
Responsive to my ardent song,
I hear my Arabella trill."

Guy, swift to plan and prompt to act,
At once his instruments obtains
(No doubt he had them ready packed),
And soon commenced his stirring strains.

'Tis eve. The sun below the west
Low sunk, has vanished from the sight;
The feathered choristers have prest
To silent perch or secret nest;
The busy bee has gone to rest,
And shut up for the night.
Unbroken stillness reigns about;
The owl and bat alone are out.

Sir Hildy gazed upon the stars,
And glanced from Hesperus to Mars.
"Alas! how sad a lot is mine!
Vain all of which I am possest!

How valueless my title fine ;
How paltry my ancestral line !
How lustreless the stars that shine

Upon Sir Hildy's breast !

Despite his gold, despite his land,
No noble seeks his daughter's hand !

Had ever father brighter hope ?

And then to see his daughter mope

For such a vulgar clown as *he*,

Without an inch of pedigree !

Dread thought, avault ! I will to bed,

And rest my palpitating head !"

Sir Hildebrand himself composed

Upon his couch, and nearly dozed ;

When suddenly the welkin rings

With sounds of most appalling things :

'Tis now the thunder of a drum ;

And now a barrel-organ's strum ;




'Tis now the jingling of a bell ;
And now a trombone gives a swell ;
And, ere its hideous din is past,
A brazen trumpet blows a blast ;
Cremona, pan-pipes, fife, and flute
The echoes rouse—and all is mute.

“Ghosts of my Ancestors! what sin
Have I committed, that my brain
Should be distracted with a din
Like very chaos come again?
A drum! a demon drum appears
To burst the drums within my ears!
The brazen nuisances of town
Have leagued together, and come down
My peace to torture, late and early,
With their satanic hurly-burly!”

Sir Hildebrand's distracted mind
Regains its tone by slow degrees ;
And proves, by actions more defined,
A milder phase of the disease.

The night was still. He raised the blind,
And peered into the dark profound.
List! list! again the organs grind,
The bagpipes give their porcine sound.



Up darts the moon, and swiftly ride
The clouds, for it is showery weather;
And, gazing out, Sir H. descried
A minstrel in a hat and feather.

“By Heaven, and the Plantagenets,
My ancestors! What is't I see?
Some crazed musician here besets
The Hall, defying *me*, ME, ME!
Hither he comes! The night is clear,
I shall observe him when he's near.
'Tis he! The Putney Volunteer,
Who would defile my tree!
I stand confounded and amazed!
My brain distraught, my vision hazed!
'Tis certain he, or I am crazed;
Which is it, I or he?
How shall I act? Yon flageolet
Defeats a born Plantagenet!
The spirits of my fathers cry
For vengeance, and expect that I
Shall smite the offender hip and thigh,
And all his wiles upset.
I never handled sword or brand;
I never could a pistol stand;
A dirk would tremble in my hand;—
I will my horsewhip get!
And suddenly I will assail
The foe with unexpected flail,

Ere he can possibly prevail,
Or wield his flageolet!"

The Baron screwed his courage up;
Let Hector loose (a terrier pup);
Unbarred the gate, stepped out, and then
Returned, and barred the gate again.

"I own I feel a jot alarmed;
Perhaps this Volunteer is armed!
I wish I knew!" The minstrel still
Discourses music loud and shrill,
And under every window played
His ineffectual serenade.
Again the Baron bold peered out,
Casting an anxious look about,
And, lo, he sees the minstrel stand
Hard by, a flageolet in hand.
"Unarmed! hooray! He'll rue the day
When he adventured here to play
His tricks, and like an ass to bray,
And rouse Sir Hildebrand!"

Sudden, the minstrel on his back
Receives a most tremendous thwack;
And then a kick the unseen giver
Doth simultaneously deliver,
Which sends him plump into the river,
Ere he can turn or tack.

I need n't say that drum and flute
And bagpipes are henceforward mute,
And that the closing waters mar
The fiddler and the light guitar ;
Nor need I say Sir Hildebrand
Evaporates, before the strand
The minstrel gains. Revenge is sweet,
Especially when you retreat
Scot free. Sir H.'s flight was fleet,
As his attack had been complete,
And vigorously planned.

Poor Guy ! so loving for his years ;
Poor Arabella Jane, so fond ;
The latter fair one bathed in tears,
The former rare one in the pond !

But where's the father, where the wall
That can imprison Thought and Mind ?
And where's the Pa that can forestall
His child, or her affections bind ?

Let Love alone ! obstruct it not !
Your anger's like cement or tar.
Pa's veto never mars the plot,
Ma's anger is a great *faux pas*.

'Twas so with Arabel and Guy :
By night they walked and talked together.

They met (of course 't was on the sly),
One hope, one heart, one faith, one feather.

Alas ! what dangers do environ
Poachers and lovers in the dark ;
Perchance a spring-gun may them fire on,
And leave a long-enduring mark.

The path of Love is hedged with toil,
Its snags and dangers who shall fly ?
But who'd suppose, beneath the soil
A rabbit-trap was set for Guy ?

But Love (the love of early years)
Appears to flourish with disaster ;
It grows, if watered well with tears ;
And opposition binds like plaister.

In spite of bolts and bars and traps,
And Baron tall and terrier lean,
They walk, they talk, they jest,—perhaps
E'en kiss !—we know such things have been.

One night, the thirty-first of June,
(I like precision as to dates,)
Our lovers played the old, old tune,
And strolled within the orchard gates.

The season and the silent night
Had their effect on Straggles' tongue ;
And thus he spake, while, left and right,
They promenade the trees among :—

“ My own affianced one, my bride,
These walks are sodden with our tears ;
Say, Arabella, can you ride ?
We can't be wandering here for years !

“ Your Pa is cruel and austere ;
The castle walls are thick and high ;
We can't for aye be tramping here,
Where hope is far and danger nigh.

“ I've got a horse, and far away
I'll find a parson, if you'll fly ;
Next week shall see our wedding day :
What say you, love ?” She said, “ Oh, fie !”

“ I have a friend, a true and tried,
Who'll link us, and make all serene.”
“ But, tell me, where does he reside ?”
“ The address, my love, is Gretna Green.”

“ Where's that ?” “ Some little way from here.”
“ In which direction, Guy ?” “ It lies
Due north from this.” “ But think of dear
Papa's affliction !” “ Think of Guy's !”

"And how shall I convey my things?"

"A bandbox, love, is all you need."

"'Tis ready!" "Cord it well with strings."

"'Tis done! Go fetch the female steed!"

Arcadian frankness! . . . Guy, of course,
 Bounds like an antelope away;
 Returning quickly with the horse
 Of gentle sex and colour grey.



He lifts his true love and her box
Over the hated orchard wall.
They're gone! 'Tis twelve by all the clocks,
And you're asleep, O Baron tall!

Gone! gone along the dusky road,
For good, for ever and for aye!
The charger bravely bore her load,
Though she would have preferred the shay.

'T were vain and useless to inquire
How they their destination gain,—
If they relays of horses hire,
Or do the journey north by train.

Suffice to say, declining day
Beheld the trio (and the box)
The Border cross. The female grey
With drooping head and tender hocks.

At length they reach a farrier's shop;
The charger halts, and paws the sod.
"Why do we here, my Straggles, stop?"
"The mare, my fond one, must be shod."

The blacksmith greets them with a grin,
And welcomes them to Scotia's soil;
And bids the lovers enter in,
To rest them from their travel's toil.

"My Arabella!" Guy began,
And volubly his periods ran;
"We've crossed the Border, you're aware,
And haven't any time to spare.
An aged and a holy man
Dwells here. By Scotia's law he can,
Without a licence or a ban,
Unite us. So, prepare!
Good farrier, go, without delay,
And guide the holy man this way,
The venerable man and grey;
And *you* can shoe the mare!"

The Son of Vulcan veiled his eye
To Arabel, and winked at Guy;
Then left the room,—and reappeared,
Wearing a patriarchal beard.
A clerkly stole and fragile staff
(’Twas like his beard, too long by half),
And wig, which didn't look amiss,
Complete his metamorphosis.
He tottered to his dingy cell,
Followed by Guy and Arabel;
A mystic book he tries to spell:—
"Do ye consent?" "We do!" "'Tis well.
Complete the marriage is!
Go, children—go; ye're tight as trivets!
I never fastened stronger rivets!"



"This ceremony's quickly o'er,"
 Thought Arabel; "and easy done!"
 Quoth Guy: "I never knew before
 Two could be thus rolled into one!
 O venerable man and grey!"
 He added, "what have we to pay?
 And, Father, in this troublous life
 Man needs a home who keeps a wife.
 They want their sacred little nooks,
 They can't perch on the trees, like rooks.

Are you aware, O man devout,
Of any lodgings hereabout?
Can you direct us where to get
Apartments furnished here to let?"

"My son," replied the hoary farrier,
"I'm furnisher as well as marrier.
Adjoining this, I keep a grot
On purpose,—a romantic spot,
Constructed with peculiar care,
To suit a newly married pair."

"A thousand thanks, O thoughtful sage;
The lodgings we at once engage!"
"'Tis rather dark, my son." "The light
Of Love makes utter darkness bright.
Besides, my darling with her eyes
The absence of the sun supplies!"
"'Tis well, my children. Welcome be!
Ye are the lodgers, then, for me!"

They take possession of the grot,
A cavern dreary, dark and damp;
And lighted by the lustre shot
Feebly from a suspended lamp.

The furniture was of the kind
Existing in imagination,

The effects were also quite confined
To their poetical creation.

But Love beholds with roseate specs
The nook where all but love is wanting ;
Bare walls and naked floor it decks
Like Gillow, Arrowsmith, or Banting.

How beautiful is its content,—
At first! How blest if it would last!
How nice, if all the year were spent
As that short spooney-moon is passed!

How quickly and how softly sped
The days! The weeks, too, how they fled!
And even a month will yield to fate
In course of time, if you but wait.
So Straggles thought, while, *tête-à-tête*,
One morn they breakfasted.

“ My Bella, my superior half,
Joy after all is mixed with chaff!
Life's sugar is combined with sand ;
The cup of coffee in my hand
Suggestive is. When I have quaffed
The sweet and aromatic draught,
What find I? Dregs! 'Tis even so
With all our pleasures here below!”

“What means this cruel speech, my Guy?
So changed already? Why, oh, why?
Your cup of gladness, which was filled
To overflow, so quickly chilled!”

“Yes, yes, I’m chilled,—but be consoled,
It is not coolness—but a cold!
This grot, though picturesque, is damp;
'Tis fraught with beauty,—and the cramp.
Since first we came, I must insist,
I’ve hardly ever missed a mist.
The walls are gay with fungus hues;
Their glittering gems are due to dews;
And crews of slugs are on the cruise
In all directions.—List!”

Before our hero could complete
The phrase, they heard the sound of feet.
And swift the aged man and grey
Rushed in. “Fly! Vanish while ye may!
Quick, quick! they’re in pursuit. Away!

They’ve found out your retreat.
But I’m prepared for this mishap—
(I’ve had ’em often!)—here’s a trap
Which leads into a vault below;
Once gained, pursuit we overthrow.
Down, down! they come!” Guy clutches wife,
Wife clings to handbox as to life;



And down the trap they take their way,
Led by the aged man and grey.

They grope along the mud and sand,
And slimy boulders, hand in hand ;
Until beneath the open sky
The farrier lands them high and dry ;
When, lo, they see approaching nigh
The dread Sir Hildebrand !

“ Oh ! how,” they asked each other, “ how
Can we escape Sir Hildy now ?—
Yet wait, my Arabel, your Pa,
Though active, cannot leap so far.

A foaming torrent intervenes :
He cannot cross without the means.
And ere he gain the proper route,
And ere he can our flight dispute,
Or his authority display,
We shall be far enough away.
Hard by our trusty charger grazes
Among the buttercups and daisies.
We'll mount, and travel hence express,—
We can't go back, my love, to dress ;
I've left my Truefitt and shako
Upon a nail,—but let them go.
We needn't appear *en grande tenue* ;
Our costume's very slight, 'tis true,
For travellers,—but I think 'twill do,
We shall be cooler so.
There's not a moment, wife, to spare,
And ready bridled is the mare.
I daren't return to fetch the saddle,
So mount, my love, and let's skedaddle."
"But whither? whither?" "On a cruise ;
The world's before us, where to choose."
"But if the road that we select
Should prove the wrong one? oh, reflect!
My lord, my lover, some mishap
May cross us. Let's inspect the map!"

"Adored one! with the foe so near,
And danger following in the rear,

One course alone is safe and right,—
That's straight ahead with all our might!
Quick, quick! Whilst I the mare bestride,
You can *en croupe* behind me ride;
The box can be securely tied:
Then far away, my love, my bride,
In safety we'll alight!"

O Reader critical! I fear
You'll think I chronicle small beer,
While more heroic themes should grace
The stirring epic that I trace.
But wait a bit. A future page
Will burn with Straggles' noble rage,
And tell of horrors which, I gage,
You wouldn't like to face!

Our lovers mount the thoroughbred,
And off they amble, straight ahead.
At first the steed declines to trot
With such a load as she has got;
But soon among her ribs she feels
The argument of Straggles' heels;
Then wisely stirs her four-horse power,
And goes ahead, twelve knots an hour.
"Away! upon another tack!"
Cried Arabel. "They're on our track!"
I see papa and all his pack
Across the country scour!

We're lost!" Her back-hair far behind
Floats lightly as they cleave the wind;
And Guy belabours so the mare
That off she gallops *ventre-à-terre*;
Which signifies (as you're aware)
A vent her terrors find.

In early days our Guy conceived
That riding was a slight affair;
But late experience had relieved
His mind from that delusive snare.

Walking he found an easier thing,
Involving far less wear and tear
Of cuticle, unless you bring
Science to bear on the affair.

And so his science he displayed,
And tightly grasped the flowing mane;
While Arabella lent her aid,
And found the tail a handy rein.

The good grey mare her metal showed,
Skimming the country like a swallow;
Bearing her brave tenacious load
O'er ditch and hurdle, hill and hollow.

Sir Hildy and his trusty band,
Enraged, astounded, view her speed.

She clears the rocks like level land,
And o'er the hedges takes the lead.

Oh ! never barnacle held tighter
Than Straggles to his flying steed.
He seemed a centaur, only slighter,
And far superior as to speed.

The human heart will cling to heart,
Their very fibres interlaced ;
But Bella, prudent on her part,
Clung also to her lover's waist.

"Fly, fly !" cried Guy. "Sir Hildebrand
Has found a shorter cut, and, lo,
With twenty horsemen close at hand,
I hear him cry '*Ho, Tally-ho !*'"

"If I can only reach yon hill,
And gain the height without mishap,
I'll try and tax the Baron's skill,
And, may be, catch him in a trap !"

They mount the hill with steady heads,—
Bravest of men and best of mares ;—
For thorough loves and thorough bred
Fare best in dangerous thoroughfares.

The height is gained. "O Baron proud!"
Cried Guy, "you ducked me in the water;
And, as reprisals are allowed,
I've paid myself, and ta'en your daughter!"

The blood of the Plantagenets
At this is roused to boiling point;
And though Sir Hildy's saddle frets,
And though he aches in every joint,

"On, friends!" he cries; "and escalate
The hill. We'll catch the varlet now."
The baron's order is obeyed,
And painfully they reach the brow.

And having reached the brow at last,
What is't they catch? They catch a sight
Of Straggles trotting rather fast
Adown the hill, in their despite.

"Hie on!" Sir Hildy cries, quite hoarse,
"The hill is steep, but never mind;
He cannot yonder water cross,—
Go, capture him,—I'll stay behind!"

The bold retainers give the rein,
And whip and rowel freely ply;
While Straggles mare is seen to gain
The stream, and o'er its waters fly.

Alas for Gravitation's force!
Alas, its mighty laws eterne!
To grief it hurries man and horse,
And overthrows the whole concern!

Some foundered at an early stage,
And hastily their seats forsook;
But some, less lucky or less sage,
Held on, and anchored in the brook.

"All's lost! Too hastily I sent 'em!
And all my plans are put to rout;
They didn't allow for their momentum
In carrying my instructions out!

"All's lost!—yet, no,—two cavaliers
Come limping back with broken shins;
And now a third—a fourth appears,
But very shaky on his pins.

"All is not lost! A bendibus
Will bring us close upon their track;
And we shall intercept them thus,
And bring the knave in triumph back!

"On! forward, on! The recreant catch,
Who has defiled my pedigree,
By daring to contract a match
With ME! Sir Hildebrand, K.G.!"

My travelled Reader, you're aware
 How grandly wild, how sweetly bare
 Is Scotia's soil; how great in rocks;
 Her fields how rich in granite blocks.
 You know her pleasant dizzy heights,—
 The footsore tourists' dear delights;
 Her mountain steeps, that offer sights
 Of fastnesses and lochs.

'Twas o'er these fields, macadamized
 With flints and boulders oversized,
 Guy sped. But human flesh, of course, is
 Exhaustible,—and so's a horse's.



Once safe (for mountains interpose
Between the fugitives and foes),
The lovers halt ; and then dismount,
Preferring, on the mare's account,
To walk across the nobbly stones
Which Scotia's fertile pasture owns.

Guy led the steed, and thus they wind,
With Bella hanging on behind,
Along the rocks which, viewed afar,
How grand!—but near, a nuisance are.
“See! see!” cried Guy, “they’re in pursuit;
I saw them round the corner shoot!
Disasters seem but to recruit
The pluck of your Papa!”
Again they mount the weary brute,
And urge her on with kicks acute,
Which she obeys,—for she’s astute
And scents the coming war.
They pause not in their headlong flight,
Until they’re fairly out of sight;
And sheltered in a friendly hollow
Where, surely, none will dare to follow.

“Go, gallant charger, slake your thirst
In yonder rill, by mountain nurst;
And Arabella, partner mine,
Do thou on yonder slope recline.

I'll mount this boulder, and survey
The glorious scene. Sir Hildy may
Perchance in yon direction stray,
For, doubtless, he has lost his way,
And will, al fresco, dine.



“Hi, hi! ha, ha! I wonder where
The Baron is, and how he'll fare.

These rocks and crags are rather bare
For one so mighty fine!
Cruel to lead him such a flight,
And stimulate his appetite,
And then to leave the lofty knight
In the wilderness to pine."

"*Ha! Ha!*" had scarcely passed his lip;
The mare had scarcely had a sip;
Scarcely had Arabel reclined,
When, *Bang!* a shot was fired behind!
Well aimed the gun. Sir H. had brought
A friend well skilled in highland sport;
Accustomed long to stalking stags
Among those very rocks and crags.
'Twas he discharged the deadly rifle
At Guy; too low,—the smallest trifle.
It smote, not Straggles, but the seat
Whereon in meditation sweet
Our hero sate. The bullet shatters
The rock. And Guy it also scatters
In all directions; but, what matters?
He falls upon his feet.

"To horse! to horse! my Arabel;
To horse! a second shot may tell!
That fellow shoots exceeding well;
He'll doubtless load again.

He didn't calculate for wind ;
He sighted low, the clumsy hind,
And didn't bear the range in mind ;
My breech has 'scaped a breach behind,
And so I won't complain."

We know that Straggles had a spirit ;
But that was not his only merit.
When danger came, he had the presence
Of mind, which is true valour's essence :
The intrepid Guy, that is to say,
Knew when and how to run away.
"I long to go and beard yon knave,
Whose bullet did my corpus shave.
Alas, I've not the time! A minute
May lose our freedom, love, or win it.
(Besides, the distance is immense
Those rifles carry) so we'll hence.
To horse!" Again the good grey mare
Is mounted by the loving pair ;
Again the jaded beastie feels
The stimulus of Straggles' heels.
Where's now the foe? The baron tall
Had in the chase survived them all.
Nor paused he once ; but kept his eye on
His first, his last, his only scion ;
Who grasped the waist of her young man,
Clinging, as only woman can.

Guy looks ahead. A deep ravine
Before them yawns ; but he's serene ;
For, with a wife tacked on behind,
He's fearless, reckless, and resigned.
His heels into the courser's ribs
He drives with energetic dibs ;
And o'er the hideous rift the mare
Sails lightly, with her precious fare.

Conceive the Baron's rage, when Guy
Performed this feat before his eye !
Conceive again the Baron's glee
When he a *contretemps* did see !—
A string gives way—the Box is free ;
Away he sees it fly.
The Box, the dearly cherished Box,
With Bella's gloves and Straggles' socks !

Away the unconscious owners ride ;
The bandbox floats upon the tide ;
But soon 'tis missed : "The Luggage! oh,
'Tis floating on the stream below!
Save it, my Guy! I cannot go
Without my lilac gloves, you know,
And bridal wreath beside!"

Could Guy resist the soft appeal?
Could Guy his sympathy conceal,

When that one box contains their stocks
Of lilac kids and cotton socks?
Of course not! By a sloping ledge
Our hero gains the water's edge;
And with a stick essays to guide
The drifting bandbox to the side.
"My Arabella, would you mind
Holding my jacket tail behind?
The stick's a trifle short, I find,—
The water deep and wide."
The wife obeyed her lord's behest,
And seized his coat, and pulled her best.
But ah, alas! and yet alas!
That such mishaps should come to pass!
Bella held tight,—not so the thread,—
The tail gives way! Heels over head
Guy spins, and plunges out of sight,
Though Arabella still held tight
The coat-tail of the luckless wight,
Who, much to Hildebrand's delight,
Has sought a watery bed!

Oh, Baron, you're avenged! The stream
Does more than all your mounted team!
Your child alone upon the shore
Clutches the skirt her Straggles wore.
'Tis all that cruel Fate allows
To comfort now the widowed spouse!

O Baron tall, O Baron proud,
With lineage and a Tree endowed;
You're well avenged! The daring knave
Is quite extinguished by the wave!
And serve him right! A common man,
Without a pedigree or clan,
To dare a noble to trepan,
And baron bold to brave!
You're well avenged; beneath the tide
The Volunteer, the hope and pride
Of Putney, slowly doth subside,
Seeking a watery grave!



End of v^e Seconde P^{te}.

U' Last Desperate Fytte.



WE left our hero drowned, or drowning
With martyrdom his marriage crowning.
And Arabella on the shore
Widowed before the month was o'er.
Oh, stern, relentless Fate!—yet, wait,
Nor rail at unoffending Fate;
Our Guy is drowned—almost. He rises;
And great Sir Hildebrand's surprise is.

“’Tis mine!” cried Arabel, “to save
My Straggles from a liquid grave!

On him have I bestowed my hand,
And shall he die while here I stand?
In life or death I'll be his bride!
I'll live or die by Straggles' side!
I'll sink with him beneath the tide,
Or drag my Guy to land!"

'Twas thus her love connubial led her
To take a most terrific header,
Just as a wave caught drowning Guy,
And left him stranded, high and dry.
Devotion foiled! He turns, and sees
His bride subsiding by degrees.
"She sinks! but, ah, she'll rise again,
Twice, thrice, despite the raging main!
I'll plunge and rescue her!—but, wait,
I will my patent belt inflate!
She floats,—she sinks!—when next she rises,
I shall be ready for the crisis!"

Guy fills his life-belt, and his bride
Floats for the third time on the tide.
Too late! too late! He sees her sink;
He sees her take the final drink!
Swift as an arrow through the water
Our hero dived! Of course, he caught her;
And, if he could, he would support her
Safe to the ocean's brink.

Alas! a dire conviction smote
Our gallant Guy with terror dim:—
“My life-belt’s filled, so I shall float,—
But whither? for I cannot swim!

“Unless I can my corpus guide,
And steer for shore in some degree,
I’m certain that the ebbing tide
Will drift us right away to sea!”

Too soundly reasoned! Like a cork
Guy floated with his rescued bride;
Far from the friendly cliffs of chalk,
Borne out into the ocean wide.

Farther and farther from the shore
The buoyant lovers drifted out!
The patent life-belt Straggles wore
Will be their death, there’s not a doubt!

The breezes blow direct from land,
The tide recedes,—and so does hope;
In vain our Guy the horizon scanned,
There’s naught within his vision’s scope.

Supine he floats upon the swell,
Forming a hydrostatic bed,
On which he hoisted Arabel,
To keep a sharp look-out ahead.

And does the Baron's child despair?
Does her ancestral courage fail?
Of course not! Offering up a prayer,
She mounts her buoy, and spies—a sail.

“My bold, my lion-hearted Guy,
A sail, a sail! There's succour near!
I do a distant ship descry,
And hitherward she seems to steer.”

Quoth Guy: “Then with your kerchief catch
The breezes as they beat behind;
The corner to my teeth attach,
And we shall scud before the wind!”

Inventive Guy. It is disaster
That brings the real hero out;
And genius is developed faster
When danger circles it about.

The intrepid Arabella Jane
Let down her hair and rigged a sail.
It fills! they lightly skim the main,
Borne on by the propitious gale.

“What cheer?” inquired the living raft;
“What is she? Can you make her out?”
“She is a rakish-looking craft;
She slackens speed,—she veers about.

"She's bearing down upon us fast;
They hoist a pennant. See—'tis black!
She nears us. They're about to cast
A rope, as soon as they can tack!"

"'Tis time," cried Guy; "against my calves
I feel a shark's suspicious nose!
Unless they're quick, he'll soon cry '*halves!*'
And of your other half dispose!"

Fond Arabella screams with fright,
And waves her apron to the bark.
A rope is cast—"Quick, splice it tight,"
Cried Guy, "and we shall shirk the shark!"



The sailors hoist the curious prize,
And wonder what on earth they'd hooked;
Of such peculiar shape and size,
So strange and nondescript it looked.

"A mermaid on a dolphin's back!"
"A nautilus!" "A bird uncommon!"
"A sea nymph to a porpoise tacked!"
"A witch!" "By Heaven, it is a woman!"

Thus cry the tars; and pull and haul,
Until on deck they heave the woman.
"But what's this other critter called,
That's neither fowl, nor fish, nor human?"

"Some sea-monstrosity! a sort
O' turtle!" cry the astonished crew.
But Straggles cut their comments short,
With "I'm a Briton,—who are you?"

"A Briton and a Volunteer,
And this my bride!" "What brought ye here?"
"Alas! we made a fatal slip
When out upon our marriage trip,
We slid into the foaming tide,
Myself, my bandbox, and my bride.
But cruel Fate and foaming waves
In vain prepared us watery graves;

For I my patent belt inflated,
And sailed, with Arabella freighted.
Rare argosy! was ever craft
So rigged, so laden fore and aft?
Good sirs, ye've saved a Briton's life,
And from the fishes snatched his wife!
He gives ye thanks! He'll give ye more,
If ye will steer the ship for shore;
He'll give his purse, with all its store
Of gold and silver rife!"

Guy paused for a reply. The crew,
Grim men and savage, looked askew.
Derisive winks are in their eyes,
They grin, but proffer no replies.
They mutter low, portentous phrases,
While Guy his eagle optics raises:
And o'er him floats a sable rag,—
Death's head and bones! the corsair's flag!
Meanwhile, the captain with a stride
Prodigious is at Straggles' side;
Armed to the teeth, an awful figure,
With cutlass drawn and hand to trigger.
With brutal scorn he pushed aside
Our Guy, and gazed upon his bride.
The affrighted Bella shrank with dread:—
"My husband, would that we were dead!
Or mounted on our thoroughbred,
Or floating o'er the tide!

Alas, we've fallen in with foes!
That monster with magenta nose,
And swords and pistols all in rows,

I can't the wretch abide!
Alas the day, the fatal day,
When we to Gretna ran away!
Our lives will now the forfeit pay!"

"No, never!" Guy replied.

"Ha, ha!" Mustapha cried, who heard
Their conversation word for word.
"My dear," (he spoke the English tongue)
"I'm tall and handsome, gay and young,
And single!—far too long I've tarried,
So now, my beauty, we'll be married!
Cheer up! and wipe those tears away!
Our courtship shall be short and gay,
For this shall be our wedding-day;
A single life at sea for aye
Is dreary, dull, and arid!"

"Wretch!" cried our hero, "don't you see
She's married, and belongs to me?"
"If that's the case, I'll wed your widow!
Ho! Beppo, of this lad get rid, ho!
Take, heave him over to the shark
Which has so long pursued the bark!
He's not the first or fattest sinner
We've given the faithful shark for dinner!"



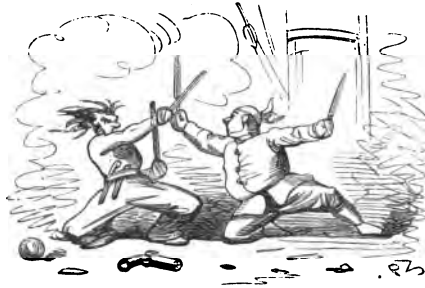
I know he likes the British flavour,
 'Tis rich, and has a beefy savour.
 Be gentle with my future bride,
 But let the lubber's hands be tied ;
 And gag his mouth to stop his prating.
 Quick ! heave him o'er. The shark is waiting !"

The hideous crew at once obeyed,
 And savage hands on Straggles laid ;

And paws as black and brutal fell
On the fair form of Arabel.
They're torn asunder! Twenty knives,
Ready to take as many lives,
Cutlass and sword, and boarding-pike
Are turned on Guy, prepared to strike.
Unarmed, the fated victim yields;
The hero of a dozen fields
At Putney, Wimbledon, and Hyde,
Succumbs, relinquishing his bride.

With gibes and jests the corsair crew
Proceed the dreadful deed to do.
They grasp our hero fore and aft,
Intent to fling him from the craft,
When, light as Leotard, he skips,
Bounding from their tenacious grips.
"Assassins! wolves! I do defy
Your plot! I don't intend to die!
Dogs! demons! I'll report your crimes,
And write a letter to *The Times*!
I'll teach ye that the British Lion
May chafe when ye your tricks would try on!
Take *that*!" And Straggles hitting straight
Felled, *à la* Thomas Sayers, the mate.
On came the crew. He grasped a brand,
And charged the sanguinary band.
Long used to play at single-stick,
Our Straggles knew the broadsword trick;

He cut and thrust, and hacked and hewed,
 With growing skill and force renewed.
 In vain the bullets, dirk and knife
 Are aimed,—he bears a charmed life.
 In vain a giant with an axe
 Our Putney Volunteer attacks,—
 Guy deals him such herculean thwacks,
 He's vanquished in the strife.



How valuable now the skill
 Acquired by months of tedious drill!
 Inestimable now to him
 The moves instilled by Sergeant Trim!
 Guy snatches pistols from the slain,
 And follows up the foe again.
 (Great master of the weapon he!
 His nightly sport it used to be
 To snuff his candle, oft as not,
 At fifty yards with pistol-shot.)

He fires. Unerring, cool, sublime,
He makes a centre every time.
And each discharge is as a knell :
Like partridges, the pirates fell—
The corsairs' corses lie pell-mell,—
Guy's practice is so prime.

At length he paused. But not for dread ;
He paused, for all his foes were dead :
They lie, a ghastly heap of slain,
And none of all the crew remain.—
Yes—one. "Mustapha! where is he,
The scourge accursed of the sea,
Who would my Bella's bridegroom be,
And food for fishes make of me?
I long the fiend to brain!"

At length, behind a mast he found him,
With swords and arquebusses round him.

"Turn, recreant hound of plunder, turn!
Avenging doom in me discern!
The British blood and British thew
That has destroyed your hated crew,
Shall let the daylight into you,
And your vile carcase spurn!
Turn, craven wretch, and meet your fate!
The shark awaits thee, soon or late!

The shark! I thank thee, cruel knave,
For that idea! Beneath the wave
He lies awaiting! Turn! my glaive
Shall soon his hunger sate!"

The corsair saw 'twas vain to try
To parley, so he sprang at Guy.
Cutlass to cutlass, hilt to hilt,
They slash and parry, thrust and tilt.
Our hero tries the *one* and *two*,
Finding that *three* and *four* won't do;
They pause, and then the fight renew,—
But blood is not yet spilt.

Ill fared it with our Volunteer,
When once Mustapha pressed him near.
He stumbled; and his foe essayed
To wing him with his heavy blade.
Guy falters. Bella to his aid
Flies swiftly from the rear.
"Oh, yield not, Guy! or you'll be flayed
To death,—for death's the corsair's trade!
Oh, yield not! or he will degrade
Thy wife beside thy bier!"
Enough the thought his arm to brace,
Though fifty deaths confront his face!
Enough that voice to steel his brand
'Gainst fifty pirates, hand to hand!

He lunges at the hateful skipper
One, two and *seven* (that last a clipper);
 He follows *tierce* with *flanconnade*,
 Taking the corsair off his guard;
 The wretch retreats,—too late, too late!
 “Now yield thee, fiend, and meet thy fate!”
 And ere he can for quarter ask,
 Guy pins him to a quarter-cask.



“Take *that*, black monster, *that* and *that*!
 I pin thee as I would a gnat!
 I crush thee as I would a rat!
 We’re quits! I’ve paid thee tit for tat,
 And pride me on the task!”

The dying pirate’s eyes do glare
 With anguish, fury, and despair.
 He writhes, he plunges—vain, all vain!
 He’ll never feed the sharks again
 With others’ carcasses,—his own,
 Spitted and skewered through flesh and bone,

Will soon for their repast be thrown,
For he himself is slain.

"Oh, bravest, boldest, best of men!"
Cried Arabella, quite recovered.
"I've watched thee, Guy, for minutes ten,
And round about the combat hovered.

"I cheered thee in the dreadful fray,
And thus your flagging muscles fired;
I knew you would the monster slay,—
How feel you, love?" "A little tired.

"'Tis harder work than pinning flies,
And can't be reckoned quite so safe;
For when a score of wretches rise
To take one's life, one's apt to chafe!

"Go, love, and brew a bowl of punch;
No doubt, you'll find some stores below.
I could, besides, a biscuit munch,
And half a screw of baccy stow.

"I'll clear the decks while you are gone,
And heave the captain to the shark.
The ship's our own, we're quite alone,
For all our foes are stiff and stark."

"But, Guy, how shall we reach the land?"

"We'll sail until the coast we find."

"Dost navigation understand?"

"Oh, no; I leave that to the wind."

"Go, love, I'm thirsty; mix the grog,

And make yourself a cup of tea.

And, if you find it, bring the log,—

I'm captain! you my mate shall be."

While Bella to the cabin flew,

The toddy and the tea to brew,

Coarse corsairs' corses Guy, of course,

Heaved overboard without remorse.

But ere he can achieve the task,

And swab the decks or tap a cask;

Ere he can rest from his fatigue,

And ere the bark has sailed a league,

Our heroine rushes from below,

Scared by an unexpected foe:

"Alas! my Guy, ah me, alas!

We're lost! there's an escape of gas!—

Or something else—the ship's on fire,

And we are on our funeral pyre!

I struck a light to warm your toddy,

When—bang! went some explosive body!"

"Powder! we're lost at last!" cried Guy;

"Death thrice defeated, now we die!"

No vessel rides the watery void ;
The patent life-belt is destroyed !
We can't preserve our vital spark
From fire, from water, and from shark !
The magazine is blazing ! Hark !

We can't our fate avoid !—
"Yet, ah !" cried Guy, and smote his brow,
"I could, if time would but allow,
Tear up the timbers fore and aft,
And with them fabricate a raft !"

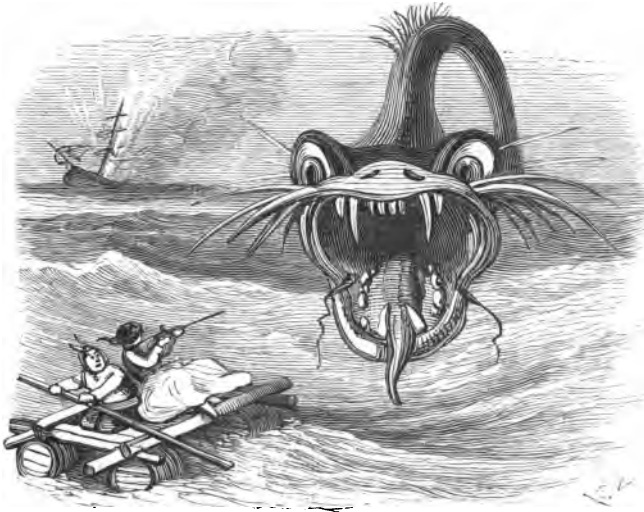
We've seen how Guy in time of need
Could realize Design by Deed.
We've seen him in a dozen crises
Display astonishing devices ;
And how, when others would despair,
And wring their hands and tear their hair,
Our Guy would some performance dare,
By dint of courage great and rare,

And which beyond all price is.
He seized a crowbar ; wrenched the boards,
While Bella cut the ropes and cords.
He stove the water-casks, and laid
The boards across, with Bella's aid ;
And, such his engineering power,
The raft's complete in half-an-hour.
They seize some stores ; then, slipping aft,
The lovers safely leave the craft.
'Tis time ! The blood-red flames ascend

The cabin steps! they burst and blend,—
The pirate burns from end to end,
While they're upon the raft!

From Scylla to Charybdis quite
A bagatelle the fall, and slight
Compared with what our Arabel
And Guy experienced, when they fell
Astern the wreck, and all was well—
Apparently—and right.
The toy of every wind and wave
They float, unfalteringly brave.
Our heroine neither screams nor faints;
And Guy, of course, makes no complaints.
They float—ah, whither? Sea and sky,
And sky and sea are all they spy.
In vain a pair of oars they ply,
And call on all the saints.
Forward they float, and then float back;
Then veer and turn and spin and tack;
While night succeeds declining day,
And day still finds them under way,
The sport of Fate, misfortune's prey,
With Death upon their track.
Death four times foiled, they're yet alive,—
But can't the fifth attack survive,
For ominous is the number 'five,'
Unhallowed, fell and black!

Behold! the heaving sea reveals
A sight at which their blood congeals!
Approaching rapidly, they saw
A huge monstrosity, all jaw!
A creature quite unknown to fable,
With glaring eyes, and body sable;
Attenuated, thin and long,—
To Science new (unless I'm wrong),
To myth a stranger, new to song,
With body like a cable.



"Oh, Guy, in vain do we contend
'Gainst Death! he gets us in the end!"

Each peril, greater than the last,
In horror is in turn surpassed !
Wind, water, fire, in turn we've braved,
And shocking schemes of men depraved ;
And now, to meet a cruel fate,
Swallowed like any common bait !
He 's starving, so he will not wait !
We can't again be saved !"

" Oh, murmur not, my Arabel,
We'll die together, so 'tis well.
If to be bolted is our doom,
And yon expansive jaw our tomb,
'Tis well ! I like sufficient room,
And space wherein to dwell !
I only hope, dear wife, that we
Shall with the monster disagree.
You're soft and tender, but I question
If *I* shan't puzzle his digestion.
He comes !" " I'll send a bullet conical
Into the creature uncanonical !"
Cries Arabel, and fires. " Bedad !
He's bullet-proof. He's iron-clad !"
Scarcely had Bella's gun exploded,
When the huge monster, hunger-goaded,
Opes wide his tusky, hideous jaws,
And a huge stream of water draws.
The raft obeys attraction's laws,
And swiftly floats, though loaded,

Until the beast, all jaw, half shark,
Engulphs the whole,—and all is dark!

* * * *

But not for long. The beast confessed
He couldn't such a meal digest.
What foils him? 'Tis that dread machine,
That fatal man-trap—crinoline!
It saves them both: for, by Saint George,
He does the whole *bonne bouche* disgorge!

* * * *

Shot to a latitude remote,
Again the buoyant timbers float;
Again our hero trims a sail;
Again they scud before the gale;
Again do death's devices fail;
Again do British pluck prevail,
And Beauty's petticoat!

"Land! land ahead!" cried Bella, "land!
Its cliffs before my eyes expand!"
"Then bless your eyes, my precious mate,—
We're saved! and death again must wait.
We'll sleep on shore, unless the wind
Chops round; and, as we haven't dined,
I'll see if I can something find
That will our hunger sate."

Bravely the trusty timbers ride,
While they discuss a cold collation;

And swiftly, on the flowing tide,
They near their wished-for destination.

Unluckily, the surf capsizes
The raft, when they approach the shore ;
But Bella like a Nereid rises,
While Straggles struggles on before.

At last, on *terra firma* stranded,
Our Guy proposes cake and wine ;
And, having bivouacked where they landed,
They prudently proceed to dine.



And when the twilight by degrees
Gives warning of the day's decline,
Guy slings a hammock 'mid the trees,
Extemporised with sheet and line.

And then within her berth he places
Dear Bella, with connubial care ;

And, while she sleeps, our hero paces
The ground, patrolling here and there.

I might to twenty pages spin
The gist of these half-dozen verses ;
But I'm impatient to begin
A thrilling episode, which worse is
Than anything you ever read,
Or saw, or heard, or thought, or dreamt ;
A fact I should approach with dread,
If I were not from fear exempt.

The wedded Arabella slept,
While Guy patrolled, and watchful kept.
Up rose the moon, and not a sound
Disturbed the quietude profound.
Guy's spirit flags not ; but the body
Is weak (in spite of copious toddy) ;
His feet are weary,—he will sit
Upon a log and rest a bit.
And still he watches. Soon an eye
Is closed—he watches still. Poor Guy !
Vain struggle ! Flesh is weak ! Before
Ten minutes pass his vigil's o'er !
He woke the echoes with the deep
Sonorous ophocleide of sleep,—
I must confess it, though I weep,
Our gallant Guy did snore !
He woke the echoes !—more than that
He woke the beasts whose habitat

The island was,—wolf, bear, and cat,
 Hog, panther, elk, and boar.
 They trooped from all the covert round,
 With stealthy foot or airy bound,
 Attracted by that lusty sound
 They ne'er had heard before.



Guy wakes! an undefined fear
 Warns him of danger lurking near.
 Guy wakes! The choicest beasts of prey
 Glare on him, wondering (well they may)
 What thing has ventured to intrude,
 And whether it is fit for food.

Guy springs upon his feet. The bear
 And wolves advance their prey to tear.
 Futile a soldier's tactics when
 His foes are wolves instead of men!

Sagacious Guy, aware of that,
Displays his—regulation hat!
The tiger, panther, bear, and cat,
Amazed, bewildered, hissed and spat,
Then fled to wood and den.
Our hero's strategy succeeded,
For all the animals stampeded:—
They couldn't stand *that* hat as he did,
And vanished there and then.

"I think we're safe, my love, at last,"
Quoth Guy. "A restless night we've passed;
But such is life! When least we fear,
Some danger may be lurking near.
Now that we're free from molestations,
My Bella, I'll serve out the rations.
While you make tea, I'll carve the tongue
We found the pirate's stores among."
Wise councillor! our hero feels
That courage needs substantial meals,
And that a warrior can't be brave
While raging thirst and hunger crave.
The meal prepared, our Guy proceeds
To do as Valour should,—and feeds;
When, hark! a rustling through the trees.
What is't? 'Tis nothing but the breeze.
When suddenly a giant shape
Appears, half human and half ape!
"Great Dis!" our hero cried, "great Dis
And Proserpine! what mammal's this?"

Six feet without his shoes! why, zounds!
The isle with novel beasts abounds!"



(I quite forgot before to state—
And now it comes a little late—
That 'twas an isle unknown to maps,
And new to those exploring chaps
Who cruise about in various parts
Inventing atlases and charts.)

"Some hideous zoologic *lusus*
Naturæ coming to ill-use us!
Armed with a knotty fir or pine,
The beast has come off us to dine!

Carnivorous brute! He'll eat us raw,
Unless I can the creature awe.
Begone! huge ape with shaggy hide!
How dare'st thou thus alarm my bride?
What art thou?"

Bowing low his head,
The ape replied, "I'm EX-WI-ZED,
The Missing Link in Nature's plan
Betwixt the monkey tribe and man!"
"Eureka! here is something choice!"
Cried Guy, "an ape with human voice!
Some men, with monkey-mind and face,
I've thought are monkeys out of place;
But here's a great ouran'-outan'
With all the attributes of man!
Eureka! here's a precious prize
To gladden Dr. Darwin's eyes!
I'll bag the beast, and then I'll skin it,
And send it to the ——" "Hold! a minute.
Slay *me*? What! slay and skin your brother,
When Nature is our common mother!
Impossible! Come, come and be
My guests; I live in yonder tree;
You both shall dine to-day with me,
So, your aversion smother!"

Though homicide the creature's trade is,
He's well-behaved before the ladies;

And Straggles, equally well bred,
Is quite polite to EX-WI-ZED.
So they accept his invitation
To share with him a cold collation.

(Since facts are stranger things than fiction,
I'm not afraid of contradiction.
Besides, to waver is a blunder
I'm not disposed to stumble under.
I only fear, O reader mine,
Lest each particular hair of thine,
Like quills on fretful porcupine,
May stand on end for wonder.)

Most mortal men had been dismayed
When Ex-wi-zed his form displayed ;
And when the monster mentioned "feeding,"
Their horror would have been exceeding ;
Themselves they would imagine bleeding,
And into *bouilli* made.

But Straggles, wise as he was bold,
Accepted the collation cold ;
While Arabella Jane controlled
Her nerves, with Straggles' aid.
They followed Ex-wi-zed, who showed
To his domain the nearest road ;
And there, within his still abode,
They found the dinner laid.
"Pale-faces, welcome! Here's a mat ;
Sit down, and help yourselves to cat ;

Unless you'd rather pick a snake,
Or pickled piccaninny take!"

A slim gorilla ran and brought
Dessert, then joined the monkeys' sport.
Another came with yams and grapes,
Then fled, and sought his brother apes;
A third comes reeling, grins and gapes,—

He brings the nuts and port.
The huge gorilla takes the bottle,
Knocks off the neck, and drinks the tottle.

"Pale-faces, welcome! for I fear
There'll be some ugly fighting here!"

"Fighting!" cried Arabel and Guy.

"Terrific! therefore glad am I
To have a seasoned warrior nigh,

To fight when they appear.
They come! They come! The A-bee-cees!
I hear their war-whoop through the trees!

They're come a-scalping, so prepare,
O pale-face, for they'll lift your hair!"

"Never! my scalp's at Gretna Green!

So, let them come! I'm all serene!

My head is cool, my rifle clean,

So, let them come who dare!"

Short is the contest and severe:
They come, they see, they disappear,
Confused, contused; for Ex-wi-zed,
Swinging his massy club o'erhead,

Makes such a terrible display,
 Keeping the A-bee-cees at bay.
 Guy takes his rifle, then a sight,
 And, pop! a row in anguish bite
 The dust; again the sooty race
 Come on, again he bags a brace;



While Ex-wi-zed his flying foe
 Outstrips, and lays the savage low;
 Snips off the tuft that decks his head,
 And sometimes snips the head instead,
 And throws it over those who fled,
 To show their overthrow.

Vanquished, the A-bee-cees retreat,
 To make the best of their defeat;—
 To reinforce their shattered batches,
 And manufacture their despatches.

"Great wizard!" Ex-wi-zed exclaimed
"Spitter of smoke and fire well aimed!
This isle has never heard nor seen
Such wonders as thy dread machine—
Thy gun; for all things here are green,
Untravelled, and untamed.
Here's to thy health, prodigious man!"
And down his throat the liquor ran.
Again the creature filled, and drank
The draught insidious, red and rank,
And cried aloud, "Drink, pale-face, drink,
A speedy death to the Missing Link!"
Again the man-ape, filling high
His cup, the bottle passed to Guy.
"Zounds!" thought our hero, "pretty good
For a wild mammal of the wood!
However, I must drink the toast,
Or, haply, he'll toast me—or roast!"
Again the creature staggering rose—
He had a third toast to propose.
'Twas clear the hot and deadly drink
Had reached the brain of the Missing Link,
And loosed his tongue, until, discretion
Forsaking him, he makes confession:—
"White-skin! I now propose—'The Lady!'
And, sure as I am Pat O'Grady,
I never saw a fairer face
Of Saxon or of Celtic race!
Sich iligance, and, och! sich grace,
Since Byron sang of Haidy!"

"Great Powers! what do I hear and see!
What can this wondrous creature be?"
Cried Guy. "Our language is his vogue;
But spoken with Hibernian brogue!
What art thou, monster?" "Dost thou think
That I'm indeed the Missing Link?
Ha! ha!" (The draught had reached his head;
He knew not, cared not, what he said.)
"Pale-faces! though ill-shaped and hairy,
I'm a—wild boy from Tipperary!
Ha! ha! and would you know the tottle
O' the whole tale? then, pass the bottle.
I'm Pat O'Grady. From a child
Untamed, untutored, free and wild,
I loved to muse apart, and brood
In river ways or sylvan wood.
Shunning and shunned by kith and kin,
I fled, like one accursed for sin;
An outcast from the haunts of men,
My home the forest or the fen,
Brute-like I lived, till from my face
Was blotted out the badge of race.
Oh, pass the bottle!" and he quaffed
Again the intoxicating draught.
"I grew in stature; men would gape
At my gaunt frame, and call me 'ape'—
Yes, 'ape!' and I possessed, indeed,
A monkey's active strength, his speed.
I fled; and cried, 'Oh, what to me
Are human ties? The beasts are free!

Men hunt them less than they hunt me!
Fashioned like brutes, a brute I'll be,
And live in cavern, pit, or tree,

From scorn and anguish freed !'

Oh, pass the bottle!" To the dregs
He drained it, still upon his legs.

"I then took ship, and, tempest-tost,
Thank God, the ship and all were lost!
I swam (all brutes can swim); this isle
I sighted, after many a mile.

Man civilized had ne'er before
Planted a foot upon its shore.
And I was blest! Until to-day,
The lord of all that I survey,
The lesser brutes in wild dismay

Fled as I paced it o'er.

My garments tattered, torn and thin,
I slew an ape, and donned his skin;
And then I learned to grin and gibe,
And forage like the monkey tribe.
And I was happy. But despair
Soon came:—the hunters found my lair!
Behold this cicatrice, this scar,
Token of many a bloody war.
The A-bee-cees, in deadly list,
Have felt the weight of Paddy's fist.
They want my hide! I know it well—
Ha! ha!"

A loud, demoniac yell
Echoes the laugh, and, lo! there rush

A savage troop from brake and bush,
Intending to surround and crush

Guy, Pat, and Arabel!

The A-bee-cees, with their allies,
The Ho-pee-kews, by swift surprise
Had planned to slay the mighty beast
Who had their numbers so decreased;
And then to hold a glorious feast,
And share the triple prize.

"Now, Saxon," cried the son of Erin,
"'Tis life or death the fix that we're in!
This sooty horde would take my hide,—
So be it, for 'tis time I died.
I'll die!—but, Saxon man and wife,
To ye I dedicate my life.
I feel emotions long forgot:
I'm human!—oh, believe it not—
I'm brute! for Nature on my face
Stamped the foul libel, trace for trace.
Down, human heart! thou may'st not bleed
Nor beat for fellow man; nor heed
The love, the yearning, and the need
Man feeleth for his race!"

Tears stand in Arabella's eyes,
And Guy his feelings can't disguise,
And heaves a sigh; while Ex-wi-zed
Groaned: and the precious moments fled.

"They come!" he cried. "Leave me to stem
 The torrent, and encounter them.
 Guard well *thy* treasure, man; and Heaven
 Guard both, and be my sins forgiven!"
 "Brother!" gasped Guy, and seized his hand,
 "We'll die together where we stand!"

Profoundly tragic! Reader, stay
 That sigh, and brush those tears away;
 The melancholy operation
 Will soon be brought to consummation;
 This episode, so sentimental,
 Is altogether accidental.

O'Grady, with a joyous bound,
 Sprang forward, like an unleashed hound.
 Waving his ponderous club o'erhead,
 He flew; the niggers also fled.
 In vain the A-bee-cees are fleet,
 In vain the Ho-pee-kews retreat;
 The nimble son of Erin catches
 His foes, and mows them down in batches.
 Herculean feat! for all are dead
 Save two; unharmed is Ex-wi-zed!
 The victor with derision sees
 These last concealed among the trees.
 "Ha! ha! when I those two have brained,
 The work is done—the day is gained,

And I shall live. A human voice
Will yet again my heart rejoice."
Forward he dashes in pursuit,
With wrath of man and speed of brute.
Alas! too swiftly. They had laid
A snare,—a pit his foot betrayed!
He falls. The wily foe attacks
The prostrate giant with the axe.
Alas! he'll never more make tracks!

He dies in ambuscade.
He's dead! Upon his body falls
Each savage, pierced by Straggles' balls.

"How dread the sight!" said Arabel,
"At war he lived, in war he fell.
Marked by misfortune from the first,
And branded as a man accursed;
In life by foes beset, he lies
By foes surrounded now, and dies!
Oh, Guy, I can't the thought disguise—

He's happier now than erst!"
"Yes, Bella; and the field we see
Is every war's epitome:
For men the scabbard cast aside
To filch a crown or take a hide,
And the distinction, seeming wide,
Is only in degree.
Men fight; what matter if they win
A territory or a skin?

The same emotions burn within,
 Whate'er the guerdon be!
A brother will a brother slay;
A son to sire the traitor play;
And friends will meet in dreadful fray,
And tear them like the beasts of prey,
 For nought that I can see!
A stretch of land, a straw, a crown,—
For nought we hunt each other down.
Ah me! the very brutes, I own,
 Less brutish are than we!

"Sweet wife," he turned to Arabel,
 "Again we've been a match for fate.
Our foes are dead, our friend as well:
 We live,—and death again must wait!

"Both man and beast are gone, and we
 Are safe; there's nothing to molest us.
Our only foes appear to be
 The fierce mosquitoes that infest us.

"My love, this isle we'll never quit;
 The land is picturesque and rich.
I'll till it; you meanwhile can sit
 At home, and crotchet, knit, and stitch.

"I'll try and snare a young gazelle,
 To greet thee with its clear, glad eye;—

If not, a goat will do as well—
For goats are not so prone to die.

“The fowls our matutinal eggs
Will gratis every day provide ;
Abundant game on wings and legs
At dinner time will be supplied.

“Primeval bliss! we’ll”—sudden hands
Our interesting couple seize ;
Alas! they’re bound by furious bands
Of Chowchowkickshawpankeypeeze!

A race possessed of such vitality,
You couldn’t knock their vital out ;
Mow off their heads, still, in reality,
They lived and loved as well without.

Bound hand and foot, and tied to trees,
Our friends behold, with fears increased,
The Chowchowkickshawpankeypeeze
Prepare to hold their battle feast.

They toss for first and second slice
Of Guy,—at carving they’re expert ;
While Bella—dainty dish and nice—
Is set aside for the dessert.

The Chowchowkickshawpankeypeeze
A bonfire make upon the beach

While Arabella by degrees
 Contrives her scissor-case to reach.

‘Oh, woman, in our hour of ease!’—
 She cuts her bonds, while all the host
 Of Chowchowkickshawpankeypeeze
 Are making ready for the roast.—



‘A ministering angel thou!’
 She trips to Guy like airy sprite.
 He’s free! they’re off! while Chocktawchow
 Sharpens his knife and appetite.

They’re off! they’re safe!—ah, would they were!
 They look behind, and, lo, their gaze
 Discerns dread portents in the air—
 The forest trees are all ablaze!

The bonfire spreading, reached the wood,
Borne onward by the tropic breeze ;
And soon reduced to roasted food
The Chowchowkickshawpankeypeeze !

It spread and spread, until it fired
The bush ; and, see ! unnumbered herds
Of beasts rush from their haunts retired,
Accompanied by flocks of birds.



“We’re lost at last !” and Straggles seized
His wife with half-demented air,
And gave that last, long-lingering squeeze
Which true love gives when in despair.

“Oh ! would that all the corsairs’ knives
Had slain and thrown us to the sharks !
Had we, like cats, a dozen lives,
Yon fire would burn our vital sparks !

"We're lost for ever!" "No, we're not!"

Replied the fearless wife, "for, troth,
I have a little notion got
Which will, I fancy, save us both!"

"You're chaffing?" "No." "The flames advance!"

"They do." "Our pangs will soon be o'er!"

"We'll fly." "I wish we had the chance."

"Yon herd escapes." "Their legs are four!"

"I've seen at Astley's famous cirque

A rider mount the flying steed."

"Well, what of that?" "Though dangerous work,

We'll try the trick. It may succeed."

"How, Bella, how?" "See yonder prancers,

The two giraffes: as they pass by,

We'll spring, like Astley's mighty dancers,

Upon their backs, and thus we'll fly!"

On comes the terror-stricken pack

To where our lovers stand forlorn;

Each springs upon a beastie's back,

And through the prairie they are borne.

Bravely the two giraffes behaved,

And dashed through cover brown and green.

They're saved!—I mean they might be saved,

But, oh, they reach a deep ravine!

The flames behind, a rift before!
Death circumvents them now at last!
The question is, shall they leap o'er,
And die, or face the fiery blast?

"We're lost, my love, and no mistake!
Hark, how the fire explodes and crashes!
Our burning love is doomed to bake—
My dust will mingle with thy ashes!"

Oh, Straggles, in the day of need
Thou wert a hero once; but now
Thou dost despair! heroic deed
No longer agitates thy brow!

'Tis false! with inspiration swift
He bounded to a slim fir tree
That towered beside the horrid rift,
And straight, as firs are wont to be.

With tomahawk he notched the trunk;
Then like a squirrel climbed aloft.
Beneath his weight it slowly sunk;
Bending by slow degrees and soft,

Until across the dread ravine
It bowed, and Guy was safely landed.
While Arabella, quite serene,
Beheld the feat her brave young man did.



Gymnastics she had learnt at school,
And seen, too, Blondin's exhibition;
And she proceeds, with courage cool,
To try his daring expedition.

She seized a spar that lay at hand,
And danced above the awful chasm;
Then tripped across, and reached the land,
Without a tremor or a spasm.



Again they're saved ! the fatal flame
 Advanced to the ravine (see plate) ;
 And, while it cooked the maddened game,
 They're safe, and death again must wait.

Courage and coolness, when combined,
 Compose the hero, well defined ;
 And, multiply the same by two,
 How great the things that they can do !
 Guy's gifted soul was well repeated
 In Arabella, who competed
 In every desperate deed of valour,
 Without the faintest flush or pallor.

"Dear Arabella, chosen bride!
A dozen deaths we might have died;
But British rifle, nerve and skill,
Have saved us. May they save us still!
Where are we? Let us, love, explore
Our island home from shore to shore."

They wander forth, until a height
Prodigious looms upon the sight.
To scale it is a slight affair
To so invincible a pair,
Who desperate things delight to dare
And do, in Death's despite.
They scale with most surprising ease
Angles of forty-five degrees;
And down the slippery slope they guide
The sledges by themselves supplied.
And if across a foul morass
By chance or choice they have to pass,
And where five heroes out of six
Would hesitate at such a fix,
Our friends would cut themselves some sticks,
And vault o'er mud and grass;
Or fashion stilts, and on them walk
Across the marsh, like hern or stork,
Perambulating, as they talk,
Through mud and tangled mass.
"My love," said Straggles, "I incline
To think this sort of travelling fine;

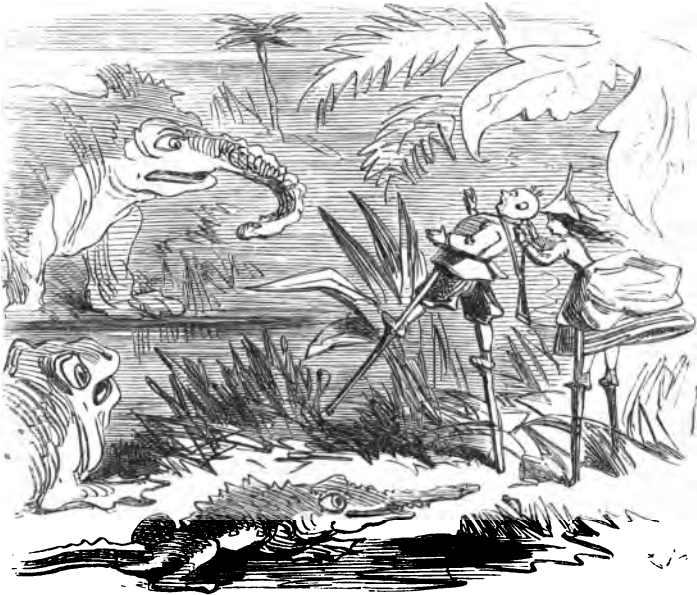
Yet bliss is never unalloyed,
And pleasure palls ere well enjoyed.
Sweet partner! far and wide I gaze,
And endless seems the muddy maze;
Are we to stalk abroad for days,
 With slime and vermin cloyed?
This sort of pastime doubtless is
Fraught with the most romantic bliss,—
'Tis likewise fraught with rheumatiz,
 With which I'm oft annoyed!
Oh, would indeed that we could snare
Some beast that's strong enough to bear
Our weight! To trot us here and there
 He soon should be employed!"

Ere Straggles this remark had ended,
Ere they a dozen yards had wended,
Aghast and petrified they stand—
Guy's wish is granted! On the land
The beast is ready to his hand,
 With trunk and tail extended.
"Nemesis, oh! . . . our hour is come!
A monster megatherium!
He'll bolt us whole! Alas! alas!
Our other dangers were a farce
Compared with this! I thought the Flood
Had finished this gigantic brood."

Guy would have yielded to despair,
And torn (if he possessed) his hair;

While Arabella's eye discerned
The hideous monster unconcerned.

"Fear not, my Straggles! gaze beneath
The creature's trunk, and view his teeth,—
(From which, albeit, may Heaven deliver us!)—
You'll find the beast is graminivorous.



"We're safe! Besides, the beast is tame,
Or feeble, which is much the same.
So, Guy, your wish is well supplied;
We'll mount the animal, and ride;

And while his shoulders you bestride,
His tail will better suit a bride—
'Tis softer, and 'tis not so wide ;
Therefore the tail I claim !”

Felicitous conceit ! at least,
They think it so, and mount the beast.
Howbeit, the beast dislikes the notion
Of being used for locomotion.
In vain our hero plies the stick,
While Bella gives his tail a twick ;
The beast his eye with languor winks,
And stands as stolid as the sphynx.

“ My love, we shan't at such a pace
Quickly escape this swampy place ;
This nondescript, pre-Adam race
Was rather slow, methinks !
Oh, would that we, dear wife, could find
Some other creature quite as kind,
But far more actively inclined,
To take us from these sinks !”

“ My husband ! see, your wish once more
Is granted ! Crawling on the shore,
Another creature seems to lag on,
Between a dodo and a dragon !”
“ Blest monitor ! we will at once
Exchange him for this sluggish dunce !”

The megatherium they unload, oh,
And mount at once the dracododo.
Rash step! The monster, in affright,
Extends his hideous wings for flight.
He's off! Our friends, in awful plight,
Are travelling *novo modo*!

And they are gone. Far, far away,
Express they travel night and day!
Full many a mile and many a league
He flies, without the least fatigue;—
Across the land, across the ocean—
Whither? They've not the slightest notion!
And their dilemma with emotion
They view, as well they may.

My dearest Readers (that's to say
My Readers who peruse—and pay),
'Tis probable you never rode, oh,
A Flash-of-Lightning or a Dodo;
I have—in visions—and I found
'Twas safer travelling on the ground
Afoot; and even a donkey-shay,
With all its desperate perils, may
Be reckoned safer every way,
Than riding dragons night and day,
With empty space around.

But Fortune never fails the brave:
Our friends survived the wind and wave;

The deep ravine; the savage shark;
The fragile raft; the burning bark;
The Abeecees, depraved and dark;
The cruel corsairs' glaive;
The sanguinary beasts of prey;
The ride astride the female grey;
'Gainst Death in every shape and way,
They fearlessly behave.

"Land! land!" cried Guy, "the Beast at length
Succumbs—he has o'ertaxed his strength!"
With rigid wings he swoops, and down
On *terra firma*, near a town,
He sinks! Our friends are safe and sane,
And death, it seems, must wait again.

They land, I told you, near a town,
The seat of Learning, called Tiptopolis;
Where e'en the children seek renown
By making science their monopolies.

Where maidens go no more to schools,
As erst, but "terms" attend at colleges;
Ignore old-fashioned, simple rules
Of knowledge, and imbibe the 'ologies.

They land. The beast of monstrous birth
Expires, when he has settled down;
And Guy deplores departed worth
Which brought them handy for the town.

The native folk assembled soon,
And, puzzled by the wondrous vision,
Supposed some creature from the moon
Had come upon a special mission ;

Or that the beast in empty space
Had since the days of chaos floated ;
And, now attracted, fell apace,—
An aërolite 'tis therefore voted.

Then Science claims it for its own,
And comes to seize the *rara avis* ;
When Guy is found, a little blown,
And Bella, who so cool and brave is.

Science starts back in dire amaze,
For its confusion is increased
When human creatures meet its gaze
On so apocryphal a beast.

Guy sees that Science is nonplus'd
At their erratic visitation ;
That Learning eyes them with distrust,
And Wisdom doubts some conjuration.

“My friends,” said Guy, “why stand ye there,
And view us with such blank dismay?
We are a newly-married pair,
And, travelling, we have lost our way.

"This lady from her Pa's abode, oh,
I coaxed. To Gretna we levanted ;
And, touring, we this dracododo
Discovered, when a steed we wanted.

"We've 'scaped at least a dozen deaths,
Of flood, and fire, and shark, and nigger ;
But Providence preserves our breaths
For greater things and fortune bigger.

"My friends, since fate has brought us here,
We'll aid your scientific needings ;
I'll lecture on this creature queer,
And give you Entertaining Readings!"

A hit! Guy stuffed the beast extinct,
And hired a most extensive shed.
Crowds came and wondered, stared and blinked,
While Guy a shilling charged a-head.

A theatre they next engage ;
And there the dracododo swings.
Our hero lectures on the stage,
While Arabella plays and sings.

"Ladies and Gentlemen," said Guy,
"I am a Putney Volunteer ;
And, being so, you wonder why
I figure in this line (a cheer).



THE DRACODODO.
(ADMISSION ONE SHILLING.)

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

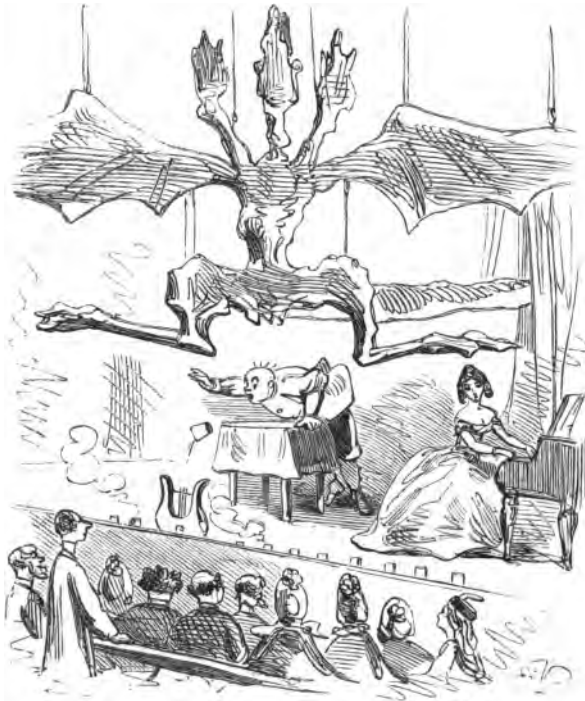
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

R

L

"I will the history relate,
If you will condescend to list.
(Applause.) I was ordained by fate
To be an entomologist.

"One morn a lovely butterfly
Across my wondering vision flits,—
Marvel-du-jour 'tis called,—and I
Captured the prize—AND THERE SHE SITS!"



(Immense applause) and Arabel
Forgot the air that she was playing.
She blushed—a blush became her well—
When Guy the compliment was paying.

Then Guy described the trip to Gretna,
The wedding, the connubial grot;
And how Sir Hildy fumed like Etna,
When he the right address had got.

The Flight; the Fall; the Buccaneer;
The Fight; the Fire; the Raft; the Squall;
Gorilla; Grady; Beasties queer;
The Chasm; Giraffes;—he told it all.

And still the shillings tumbled in,
And Dracododo, stuffed with straw,
Which carried them through thick and thin,
Through thick and thin appears to draw.

For those with whom our hero settled
Are people, as I said, of “mind,”—
Keen, *mysti*physical, high-mettled,
And not to earthly things confined.

SENSATION! How the people gloated
On horrors which the blood congealed!
How *savants*, breeched or petticoated,
Encored! and how the plaudits pealed!

But all things cease at last to draw
The multitude, to please or awe.
“My love,” said Guy one day, “My bride,
My other self, my joy, my pride,
My wife! receipts are growing thin,
Slowly the shillings trickle in!
Fortune is fickle, so are men :
Oh, if the shillings cease, what then ?
Our dracododo now is grown
Quite stale,—to every child he’s known.
The infant, in his nurse’s arm,
No longer views it with alarm :
The creature fails to awe or charm,—
His reputation’s blown.
The shillings, erst so freely spent,
Barely suffice to pay the rent—
They’re falling ninety-nine per cent
Since first the beast was shown.
Advise me, wife. What shall we do,
Our scant finances to renew ?
I’m dull when I the future view,
And when the funds have flown !”

“O Guy, when we were first espoused,
You said, you cared not how we’re housed :
The little birds upon the tree
Were lodged and boarded,—why not we ?
You said, that though the world was wide,
You only sought a spot to hide

Your love, your bandbox, and your bride,
From fret and fashion free.
Alas! how changed! I joyed to share
Misfortune, misery, and mare!
Yes, all I shared! and I declare
I'm shocked this change to see!"

"My love," cried Guy, "is this fulfilling
Your pledge to be obedient, willing?
And just because, with some dismay,
I view our assets day by day
Evaporate, and fade away
Unto the final shilling;
And just because I bid you show
The way wherein I ought to go,
And how to raise finances low,
(He weeps) this censure you bestow!
'Tis cruel, oh, 'tis thrilling!"
(He bellows.) But his Bella Jane
Her merriment can scarce restrain,
To see her faithful swain perspire
Before her well-affected ire.
"My Guy!" (an interval—a kiss—
A honey-sweet parenthesis,
I only meant to test and try
Your love; forgive me?" "Well, I'll try."
"You ask for my advice? Of course
We'll sell, without the least remorse,
Our trusty courser, Dracododo,
And to the Diggings take the road, oh!

We'll buy a cow ; we'll buy a cart,
 Attach it to the cow, and start.
 The little birds upon the tree
 Find food and lodging,—why not we ?”

“Bravo!” cried Guy, “this very day
 Shall see us trudging on the way!
 I'll buy a shovel, pick, and cradle,
 (“Oh, fie!” cried Bella) and a ladle.
 Again may fickle Fortune prove
 Our friend. If not, we'll live on love.
 The wedded birds upon the tree
 Are fed and feathered,—why not we !”

* * * * *
 Away they sped to El Dorado ;
 But vainly Guy and wife worked hard, oh !
 Full many an ugly hole and pit
 Guy made ; and Hope fell into it.
 But Fortune, as I've shown already,
 To others false, to them was steady ;
 And Guy, though foiled, as I have said, he
 Relaxes not a whit.

He searched each hole when he had dug it,
 And nothing found. No ? Yes, a NUGGET !
 Oh, didn't Guy and Bella hug it,
 And dance in frenzied fit !
 And in the cradle Bella rocked it,
 And in her pretty arms she locked it,
 Till bigger nuggets came and mocked it—
 For Guy had made a hit !

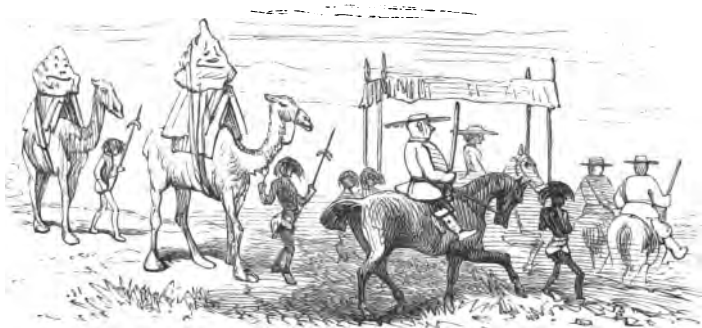
If you are Fortune's *protégée*,
My son, you're safe, do what you may.
The wanton goddess will belabour
And persecute your honest neighbour;
But she to you is faithful still,
Spoilt darling, spurn her as you will!

Wherever Straggles digs a hole,
Beneath his spade the nuggets roll;
Wherever he inserts his pick,
He finds the precious spangles thick;
And, as he multiplies the pieces,
His *amor nummi*, too, increases,
Till Bella cries, "Hold, hold, enough!
Of treasure we have *quantum suff*.
For what avails a greater hoard?
We'll sell the plant, and go abroad.
The devotees of gold heap high
Their god,—then miserably die!
Let us the tempter fly, my Guy,
Since we can well afford!"

Wise councillor! How rich the man
Whose wife the tempter can trepan!
His better half becomes directly
His seven-eighths, to speak correctly.

They then pack up; and Guy escorts
His Arabella and his quartz.

The gold he piles on camels' backs,
 Secured by troops against attacks.
 His other treasure in a litter
 Is borne, more picturesque and fitter;
 Guy guards his booty and his beauty,
 Always on horseback and on duty.
 No danger meets him by the way
 (You know he's Fortune's *protégée*);
 Albeit, for danger he's prepared,
 With brow severe, and sabre bared.
 I say 'severe,' for brooding care
 Already takes possession there.



Our Guy, so jovial and so jolly,
 Is now a prey to melancholy.
 How's this? you ask. He finds that riches
 Are but another name for sorrow;
 That wealth betrays, while it bewitches:—
 A joy to-day—a care to-morrow!

(Albeit, whate'er the grief or merriment,
I'd try with pleasure the experiment.)

"My wife, my Arabella Jane,"
Quoth Guy, when they were housed again;
"We've shared each other's hopes and cares;
The plots of men, misfortune's snares;
And death in half a hundred shapes,
By half a hundred hair-breadth 'scapes;
From sharks and serpents, whales and apes,
Flames, water, air, and bears.
My wife! in danger's trying hour
I never felt dull *ennui*'s power!
When we were poor, and had to trust
To Fortune for the morning's crust;
When noon no dinner brought; and night
Found unappeas'd appetite;
Before I was a billionaire,
My heart was gay and free from care;
Head free of aches as 't is of hair,
And my digestion light.
All that is changed! My peace is sold
For—what? For nuggets? Yes, behold
The evil property of gold,
Man's happiness to blight!"

"My Straggles," Arabel replied,
"The thought is sound, but rather wide.

Your ailments, darling, all the while
 Spring, not from billions, but the bile!
 You ail because you cease to work,
 And play too good a knife and fork.
 I have a cure!" "Oh, love, unravel
 The secret! speak!" "My Guy, we'll travel.
 We'll seek again our native land,
 And visit—" "Whom?" "Sir Hildebrand!
 I'm confident my dear Papa
 Will not the door against us bar;
 And trouble never more will mar
 Your head, or heart, or hand."

Profoundly reasoned! Change of air,
 With diet, is the cure for care.

They do as Arabel advised.

* * * *

They find a vessel advertised.

* * * *

Across the ocean blue and wide,
 And deep, the happy couple glide.

* * * *!
 * * * *!!

(Since brevity's the soul of wit,
 'Tis fit I should condense a bit:
 Those constellations ranged in rows
 Some fresh catastrophe suppose.)

* * * *

Where's now the corsair, feared and hated,
 The wretch who cruel deeds of late did ?
 Where's now the insatiable shark ?
 He lies at bottom, stiff and stark,
 With Beppo and Mustapha dark,
 Whom Guy annihilated !

*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*

They reach their native land, and call
 Without delay at Griffin Hall.
 The ancient servitor and grey
 Amazed beholds the runaway.
 "O venerable serving man,"
 'Twas thus our Arabel began,
 "Where's Pa ?" "Within his study he
 Is gazing on his Pedigree."

Then Arabella flies before,
 And gains the Baron's study door,
 And peers within. The room he's pacing,
 And on his ancestors is gazing—
 (Those ancestors, in solemn order,
 Procured at need in Street of Wardour.)
 "She's gone !" Sir Hildy cried, "for aye,
 For ever fled ! alack the day !
 My Tree is perished now, and bare ;
 The Baron barren of a heir !
 My property will go, ah—where ?
 To aliens far away !"

Wide open flies the door, and there,
 With streaming eyes and loosened hair,
 The truant stands. She wasn't slow
 Her arms around her Pa to throw.
 The Baron weeps. A grand tableau,—
 Sensational affair.

* * * *

Guy follows. Porters bring the nuggets,
 And pile them on the rugs and druggets.
 The Lady of the Baron tall
 Came in; and Dora chanced to call.
 Sir Hildy sternly frowns on Guy,
 While Guy salutes the Baron high.
 (Our hero sports a bran new Truefitt,
 And when they're new, by Jove, they *do* fit!)
 Then spake the Baron, "Arabel,
 You served me ill,—you know it well.
 I studied Dod, I read Debrett
 A fitting spouse for thee to get;
 Some scion of congenial line,
 Whose ancestors would equal mine.
 Vainly I sought, my cheild, for thee
 A pure patrician with a Tree,
 To quarter scutcheons now with me,
 And both our clans combine!
 Alas, alas! plebeian ties
 Have rudely foiled —" "Stay!" Dora cries,
 "Allow me, Baron, to correct
 Your lofty views in that respect.

Behold, in yon contemn'd Guy
A youth of blood and lineage high!"
"Tush! fiddlesticks!" "And lawful heir
To title good and acres fair."
"Pooh, pooh!" "But I can prove to you
"That my assertion's strictly true.
My lawyers—Ferret, Screw, and Co.—
Are close at hand, and wait below,
Prepared at once to prove him so
By facts you can't undo."
(She rings;) with solemn step and slow,
Attorneys Ferret, Screw, and Co.
Take up positions in a row,
With ominous bags of blue.
Quoth one, "O haughty Baron tall,
Say, who's the lord of Griffin Hall?"
"Myself!" "We doubt it!" "Doubt it! why?"
"Because SIR GUY DE GUY DE GUY,
Your cousin, had, as you're aware,
An only child, a son, a heir,
A lovely boy, surpassing fair,
And (it appears) nurst dry.
A cruel gipsy, base and wild,
Stole him!—and then forsook the child.
One Straggles, needy man and lone,
The baby found, and made his own.
Time passed. Sir Guy de Guy de Guy
Grew old, as all do, low or high;
At length he died. You know the rest:
As next of kin you took his crest,

His acres broad, his chattels, lands,
 The balance in his banker's hands. . . .
 THE BABY LIVES! and here he stands!
 His Title we attest!"

"The proof?" "The babe possessed a mole
 Upon his elbow, black as coal."



"Behold!" cried Guy, and raised his cuff,
 "I think that's evidence enough!"
 "If you're the heir, then, who am I?"
 "You're Mister Smith," responded Guy.
 "'Tis false! avaunt ye from my sight!
 Ye can't Sir Hildebrand affright!
 I mean to hold my title tight,
 And all your schemes defy!"

"If that's the case, Sir Fitzroy K.
Will soon have something sharp to say.
The learned counsel—" "Stay, oh, stay!
That name confounds me with dismay—

I yield!—at least, I'll try!"
"So readily?" "I stand in awe
Of litigation and the law.
So, hence! ye men of sable hue,
With those abhorrèd bags of blue.
I yield! I don't your claim dispute,
But thus surrender all the loot!
Here, take the title-deeds and grades;
My pedigree from the Crusades;
My house in town; my fair estate;
My furniture; my linen, plate;
Take all! I'm simply Mister Smith,
My pedigree is all a myth!
Farewell, my Tree! a long farewell,
The tree I manufactured well!
My pictured sires and dames so fair
(Selected with peculiar care),
Farewell! While you, SIR GUY DE GUY,
Will not have ancestors to buy.
Take all! I'm destitute! what matter?
I'll turn to trade, and be a hat—"

"Hollo, here! wake up, young feller!" cried a rough, hectoring
voice, a brace of heavy hands being at the same time laid upon
Guy's shoulders; "are you a-going to sleep here all night? Pr'aps

you'd like to be tucked in ! Eh ? Come, sir, *do* get up, or we shall be obliged to fetch a stretcher !”

The entomological Volunteer opened his eyes, and stared about him in wild amazement.

“ Where—where am I ?”

“ Where are you ? that's a good 'un ! Why, in the filbert copse, a-trespassing.”

“ Oh, where's Arabella ?”

“ Who ?”

“ Arabella Jane.”

“ You precious fool, get up.”

“ And the Baron ?”

“ Ha, ha, ha !”

“ And the Pedigree ?”

“ Hi, hi ! I say, Bill, I do believe the gennleman has been a-dreaming, and ain't quite right yet.”

“ Or e'se,” rejoined the other, “ he's a-humbugging of us, and has been after the rabbits. You gun looks uncommon suspicious !”

“ And my nuggets !—what's become of them ?” cried the distracted defender of his country, rubbing his knuckles into his eyes, and wiping the cold perspiration from his forehead. “ Where—where on earth am I ?”

"Why, you confounded goose, didn't I tell you, in the copse ? Come, enough of this blarney. Where's your licence ?"

"But, but," stammered Guy Straggles, "how did I get here ? How long have I been here ?"

"How did you get here ! That's rich, uncommon ! Why, I s'pose by your uniform as how you was, after all, only one of those make-believe sodgers, called Volunteers, from Town, who was reviewing here this arternoon. Eh ? And I s'pose gunpowder was too much for your nerves, so you came and hid yourself. Ha ! ha !"

"Zounds !" ejaculated our Putney hero, "I have some faint recollection of something of the sort ; but — but — Arabella Jane ?"

"I hain't seen no female, as I know of," replied the game-keeper ; "and if I do, I'll be down upon her pretty quick !"

"Can it be possible," reflected Guy, "that I have been sleeping here since the parade ?"

"That's the only way of accounting for it, sir ; unless you're after the game."

"Why, how long have I been here ? It is two months since I first beheld my beloved Arabella——No—no ! what am I talking about ?——How long do you reckon I have been here ?"

"Well, it's now about ten o'clock ; and if you went to sleep

after the review to-day, you must have been here about an hour and three-quarters—as they all cleared off by the 8·15 train. But I believe it's all a sham, sir, and that you *are* a poacher! However, as this is the first offence, I'll let you off. So, march!"

The astounding fact slowly dawned upon Guy's intelligence. He had made a strategic movement during parade; and, to improve the occasion, he had contemplated adding to his entomological collection, to which end he had sugared a tree. Awaiting the advent and capture of the airy denizens of the wood, he had, it appears, yielded to the besetting infirmity of the obese, and fallen into a deep sleep. The intelligent Reader has divined this long since. During sleep, his active and impressible mind had woven into one chain of events some of the characteristic features, called "Sensational," which pervade the literature and infect the tastes of the day. Hence the marvellous adventures herein set forth.

Guy Straggles arose slowly. He was very pensive; he was, moreover, very stiff. Reflection and rheumatism had both taken hold of him. He arose slowly, sadly, stiffly; and took his solitary way to the station, hoping to catch the last up-train.

"Well, well," thought he, "after all, my dream is not much more unsubstantial than the waking affairs of men. The vagaries of a dream are not so very widely removed from the vagaries of laboured deeds! Pshaw! drat this rheumatism!—there's no illusion about

that! Ah, yes, all the passions, infirmities, virtues of the human heart within me have been stirred during this long life of one hour and three-quarters! I have been wise and foolish, brave and dastard, ambitious and loving, inventive, poetical, commonplace—between the setting sun and the rising moon! Is not this an epitome of life? Is it not, in fact, a life,—if, as they say somewhere, life is to be measured by the aggregate of deeds, and not by length of days?”

The Reader perceives that Straggles was a philosopher as well as a patriot.

But, alas! philosophy affords no security against sciatica; and patriotism enjoys no exemption from catarrh.

“Hish-ho! hish-ho! What a born dolt I was to recline upon the damp grass! Yes, life is but as a dream!—our proudest honours but as a—hish-ho! Verily, verily, a man’s threescore years and ten are as transitory as—heugh! this rheumatism! I fear it will be chronic! All is transitory but *that*; and our longest span is but as a drawn-out—hish-ho!—vision of the night, and leaves as little trace upon the roll of Time!”

At this point of his lucubrations, a rare and newly-invented moth—the “Solferino Tip” (*portwinosus*)—crossed the path of our hero. Arabella and rheumatism are at once forgotten. The philosopher is instantly lost in the entomologist, and the entomologist

is lost in the plantation, whither he pursued the airy prize with such ardour that he altogether vanished.

The conscientious historian, unable, from long-sedentary habits and weak eyes, to follow him or his career as impetuously as he followed the moth, necessarily closes this chronicle ; and, with a deep sigh and a dry pen, announces



W Melancholy End of Sir Guy de Guy.

EP 10.7

—

